

3-11-2013

Memory Pictures

Lucinda Darling Colman

Follow this and additional works at: http://lux.lawrence.edu/archives_selections



Part of the [Women's History Commons](#)

© Copyright is owned by the author of this document.

Recommended Citation

Darling Colman, Lucinda, "Memory Pictures" (2013). *Selections from the Archives*. Book 1.
http://lux.lawrence.edu/archives_selections/1

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives at Lux. It has been accepted for inclusion in Selections from the Archives by an authorized administrator of Lux. For more information, please contact colette.brautigam@lawrence.edu.

MEMORY PICTURES

by

Lucinda Darling Colman



Memory Pictures.

Stored away somewhere in the attic of my brain, I have quite a collection of these pictures which I have acquired during these ninety two years of my life.

Some of them are inheritances from my ancestors and from others. Many of them represent my personal experiences from my childhood up - not unusual - but dear to me because my little children loved to listen to my stories about them, often saying "tell that again Mama, that same one, tell it again." And now when they are grown up in stature of mind and body much larger than I they are asking me to tell it again.

What weird anticipations most of us have of what may be stored away in an old attic! Just now an old faded memory picture suggests to me a scene of much interest. It looks like "Breaking home ties" - "A departure upon a long journey by a newly wedded couple." And this bit of real history is attached.

Andrew Hunter born in 1683 and Margaret Murdock born in 1695 make the picture.

They were both born and brought up in Antrim, in the north east part of Ireland. Sheltered by the mountainous cliffs of the coastline - established in the Presbyterian faith of their

HISTORY

2732023

Scotch-Irish ancestors.

Now Andrew Hunter has engaged passage for himself and his wife on a vessel sailing westward across the Atlantic Ocean. He is a ship builder by trade and is anticipating the pleasure of a sea voyage.

Another picture taken several years later shows Andrew and Margaret Hunt with their four children, Robert, Mollie, John and Samuel, comfortably settled in Voluntown, Connecticut, near the east boundary of the State.

October Seventh, 1773 is the date of another old picture. This is a festive occasion - Robert, the first born of Andrew and Margaret is married to Jane Wylie.

Another Hunter home is established in Voluntown. Years pass on, as the story goes, and this home resounds with the merriment of seven children - Nancy, Andrew, Samuel, Margaret, Robert, John and Esther.

This family is enlarged first when Andrew, the oldest son and Nancy Wylie are wedded.

This Andrew must have inherited some of his Grandfather Hunter's spirit of adventure, as he remains only eight years in his first home.

Then in 1781 follows the lure of the west - accompanied

by his wife and three children, over hill and dale, on roads recently blazed thru dense forests - to New Lebanon, New York State, east of the Hudson river.

Here Andrew and Nancy Hunter spend the remainder of their days, blessed with seven daughters and one son, who died in infancy. The names of the daughters were Sarah, Margaret, Esther, Mary, Nancy, Jane and Elizabeth.

I linger long over this picture of Andrew Hunter in New Lebanon. He was my own dear Mother's Grandfather and she loved him dearly - used to tell me stories about him from my childhood up, which I have often told to each of my children. The one that pleased our childhood fancy most was about a colored man who was in my Grandfather's employ. Some one overheard his bed-time prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
All cuddled up in a little heap,
If I should die before I wake,
What would old Captain Hunter say?"

Special emphasis upon the exclamation always brought a gleeful "tell it again."

Andrew Hunter left to his daughters an appreciated memorial of his part in the "Revolutionary War" by having the hilt of his sword made into seven teaspoons - the size then in use was even smaller than our present day coffee spoons.

My Grandmother Green, eldest daughter of my Great Grandfather Hunter, gave her spoon to my mother when she was married and she passed it on to me when I was married - my daughter Anna has it now as her wedding gift, handed down to the fourth generation. Captain Hunter had the initials of his wife's name "N.H." on the spoon handles.

A clipping from "The Albany New York Advertiser, January 15th 1825," preserved to the present time, gives the following memorial to "Deacon Andrew Hunter," Died at New Lebanon, Columbia County, "Deacon Andrew Hunter, native of Voluntown, Connecticut. He immigrated to this place a little more than forty years ago and from that time to the present has been regarded by all who knew him, as a good man in every sense of the term. Having lent his aid in the Revolutionary struggle to establish our Independence. He was ever after a supporter of sound political principles - maintaining as every good citizen ought a watchful solicitude in respect to public men and measures.

But he did not make politics his religion. He was a consistent friend and liberal supporter of every good institution in his own town and vicinity.

And having served his generation by the will of God, he literally fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of the Lords day, January Ninth, 1825.

At this time the daughters were all grown up to womanhood - excepting daughter Jane. She remained with her mother.

I am especially interested in telling the story of Sarah, the first born of the family. She was my own dearly beloved Grandmother Green, who married Joshua Green in 1793.

In 1809 they were caught by the spirit of Westward - Ho! And with their five children started out upon the great adventure of their lives, making their way through difficulties and deprivations which only a pioneer of those days can realize.

They founded a home in a dense forest three miles distant from any neighbors. And lived to see the wilderness bud and blossom as the rose.

This Grandfather of mine with his sons and other helpers surveyed the portion of New York State, known through all the years since as Genesee County. He built his home at Byron Center - center of the township. The New York Central Railroad now passes through South Byron, three miles distant.

At the crossing of two roads near Byron Center is an immense boulder on the top of the ground. I saw it there in 1901.

My Grandma Green told me this story. Once when the tired surveyors reached this rock they climbed to the top of it; sat there while they shared their lunch, and my Grandpa said, pointing to a level piece of ground near by - "A school house will be there some day."

His prophecy was soon fulfilled. I saw one there in 1901, and was told that a school had always been maintained there since that early date.

Thirteen years of intense activity, growth and development in this new country for this Father and Mother and their seven children.

Then suddenly there came the saddest of all sad days! The family had breakfast together as usual - then father and the two eldest sons, Andrew and Robert had gone to their sawmill a short distance away. In less than a half hour the lifeless body of the father was brought home. He had fallen by a stroke of apoplexy!

I can see now that tall, well formed Grandma of mine, as she must have looked then, standing in the midst of her bereaved family and saying from the depths of her soul, full of sympathy, faith, hope and love, "The Lord will provide."

Andrew, the eldest and Robert next younger take, as well as they can the fathers place in carrying on the business of sawmill and farm. The other children are old enough to be helpful except baby Moses. Even little Nancy Ann, seven years old (my mother to be) must have done her part then as she was always wont to do through her life.

In her early teens she became a teacher of a district school. She used to tell me of some of her experiences, how it

was good form and expedient in boarding around with the different families on the district to show no preferences. In one place she was served gingerbread and molasses when plain bread and butter would have been more acceptable.

She never told me but I think one family had an especial attraction for her. She took on its "Darling" name, wore it all her days - handed it down to me, her only child. She always called my merry-hearted Father "Abner" and he called her Nancy and they named me "Lucinda." My abbreviations were "Tinny", "Cinda" and "Lu". Grandma Greene, the nicest Grandma ever made, called me "Tot". She spent one winter with us in Appleton, Wisconsin and shared my room with me. So well I remember how every night she made such cozy depressions in the feather bed just to fit my physical dimensions.

My very earliest memory pictures are considerably dimmed. I can not be sure of their accuracy in every particular.

The home where I spent my first three and one half years is not clearly outlined.

It looks to me like a log house with a very large living room, an immense fire place on the southside - A window and a door looking toward the setting sun.

A table near the window - upon it the open Bible - some paper - a bottle of ink - a quill pen conveniently located, also a chair for my newly developed climbing abilities.

I made use of my opportunities and all went well until I had the misfortune to upset the ink bottle, and even then I proceed gleefully to play patty-cake upon the open Bible!

This had its compensations further on. Just here I see another picture and feel a sudden quiver of being snatched and spanked. Any way, I made a good job of it. An artist would not have made a better picture of baby hands than I had accidentally made. As long as I remained in my paternal home, at the time of our family devotions, my father would occasionally turn to this page of the much loved Bible and never failed to give me a significant glance that meant "dear memories" on his part and mine. We were always playmates. The memory of which is very precious to me now in my ninety second year.

I wanted him to keep that Bible as long as he lived. But I regret that I did not take possession of it before it had the ill fate to be burned.

The imprints of my baby hands might have been interesting to my children. It occurs to me that I have two other imprints. Those made when I was a three months old baby.

The memory picture of these my mother left me is this:
"I am in the warm glow of the large fire place - baby lying peacefully on my lap, then a sudden twinge of the little body, a scream as of great pain - every pin is taken out - every garment taken off, no ceasing of pain until after the plump little left arm relaxes and straightens and a little black coal drops

out, and two little spots of burned flesh showed what a spark from the fire place had done."

And now for nearly ninety two years I am carrying this imprint. If I have no picture of my baby face I have my two well matched baby scars.

I sometimes wonder if the imprints upon baby minds and souls are as indelable and lasting.

My Grandma Darling (who lived to the age of ninety one) used to tell me an amusing story of how my Grandfather Darling doted on me, his first grandchild. This is one of the pictures: He has seated me on the end of the mantelpiece, holding me there with one hand as he turns to Grandma and says, "Woman, this child will never live to grow up."

Evidently he has in mind the old saying, "Beautiful babies never grow up." My many years discounts his estimate of my beauty.

Nevertheless he was a very dear Grandpa. I have some more or less distinct memory pictures of him. One is of a Sunday when I was left with him, while the other members of the family went to church. I see him as a large broad shouldered man. I remember how secure I felt as I rode on his arm out to the barn and the fun we had hunting for hens eggs, finding them and putting them in the crown of his hat. Then he carries the hat and me back to the house.

I can see how he placed a kettle of water over the fire and hard boiled some of the eggs. Then he entertained me by carefully removing the shell of one egg without spoiling the delicate membrane underneath. This we put on my dolly's head for a night cap. Such a big man with such an understanding of a little child!

I have loved him all my days for it. I think the church services on that Sunday morning were too short! Grandpa may have thought differently.

Before I was five years old I was taken to the funeral of this beloved Grandpa and saw his lifeless form. It was all a great mystery to me. A first experience that I never could forget.

Here is another picture - one I have always loved to bring out occasionally. It shows the front lawn of my first home.

A path curving a little to the left, leading from the front door to the gate opening to the country road side. Inside the fence are several large currant bushes with long overhanging branches.

Parting them we children discovered little tent-like spaces - just fine for play houses.

"We" were three cousins, born in the month of May, 1835. Lucy, daughter of my Uncle Robert and Aunt Rachel Green.

Horatio, son of my Uncle Orvil and Aunt Caroline Green and myself, last on the list. My birthday being May 20th, 1835. Our homes occupied the corners of an equilateral triangle. One side lying along the south shore of Lake Ontario and my home about half a mile from the other two, A village, Brockport, to the south.

My memory pictures of sunny days when these cousins visited is quite clear. We each had a currant bush furnished with something. Then we went visiting the way our mothers did.

I can see the little rag carpet I had on my floor. I also had a real little flatiron about three inches long - and Delilah, my cloth doll, that my mother had made - so large that it could wear my baby dresses. She had painted eyes, nose and mouth, put real hair on her head (doubtless some of my curls). I see, too, how we picked up apples lying on the ground under a nearby apple tree, and each of us made a door yard fence by laying apples together in a single row around our individual property.

I presume the boy cousin was back of this enterprise. Why did I choose "Delilah" for the name of my favorite doll?

I think it was because my father had a wonderful gift for telling old testament stories in a colorful way that was fascinating to a child's imagination.

I see myself sitting on his lap listening eagerly to the

story of his Bible Pictures. He made me see the weavers "web" and beam because my Grandma Green had a hand loom.

And he told me how beautiful Delilah must have been to have pleased Sampson so.

And here is something real! Not a picture but an old chopping knife that has this history.

When my father was newly wed and starting to be a farmer - the first time he put his plough in the ground he turned out the blade of a chopping knife. It was in such good condition that he thought it might do good service still. So he took it to a blacksmiths shop and had the upright part of the handle put on - added the wooden part himself. Then it served my mother twenty six years and now has been in my service nearly sixty years.

My little four year old son, hearing this story of finding a chopping knife, emphatically claimed it as his inheritance from me. I promised him that it should be his when I was through with it. I think my son will not hesitate to give this aged chopping knife an undisturbed interment. I can almost hear it say:

Lay me deep in my native ore,
For I will not work any more.
My metal is good, but I'm out of date.
A century old is a sad, sad fate!

And here is another picture of "The breaking of home ties." Not a wedding but the lure of the west has seized my father, as it did his ancestors.

He has caught a vision of the broad acres of the far away west - "So easily cultivated!"

My mother's family stoutly object to his taking her and a little child out into such a wild wilderness, inhabited mainly by Indians! They would as soon see her sail for Greenland! Finally it is settled thus: In the autumn of 1839 my father will go west on an exploring tour. Probably so far away he will spend the winter in the west.

Before he leaves he sees Mother and me nicely settled at Uncle Robert's. Cousin Lucy and I have fine times.

My mother teaches the district school, a short distance from Uncle Robert's home.

One old memory picture shows a purling brook, perhaps ten feet wide, that we have to cross on a little foot bridge when we go to school. The banks are low and the sparkling water runs rapidly over a pebbly bottom where tiny fish are often to be seen gliding by. The older children catch these in nets to bait the large fish in the lake.

We little cousins had a scheme of our own. When we were playing on the bank one sunny day, it occurred to Lucy and me

that we could take off the nice new hair nets that my mother had netted for each of us, with black sewing silk, tie them on a stick and use them for fish nets.

The result was more fortunate for the tiny fish than for ourselves. I still remember that enterprise with regret.

I am sure the three little cousins (who belonged to what would now be called the kindergarten department of our school) were often embarrassed because they were too familiar with the teacher.

I have now a faint memory picture of a beginners reading class toeing the mark on the floor.

As the little girl at the end of the line, near my seat, begins to read "The-duck--can--swim." I am on tip toe behind her, looking at the picture and shout out, "I say it is a goose!"

My statement was correct but I had to go back and sit on my own little bench and meditate upon the fact that even the truth is not spoken at all times. I wonder if every child has as many misconceptions of proprieties in action as I had.

I see myself now at a Sunday School picnic. One of the older girls has me by the hand, leading me around to see the good things to eat. In those days we did not sit on the grass to eat. We stood around the long tables, arranged to form a

hollow square on somebody's door yard. I see the cakes now. Each one with a bunch of garden pinks in the center - also pies, pickles and biscuits, etc. A glass of cold water near the edge of the table suits me. I reached my hand up to take it - the older girl takes my hand quickly away, saying, "That man there fixing things will cut your finger right off if you take that." I looked at that man with horror. That he would do such a thing!

At least two years later on a Wisconsin prairie farm, six miles west of Racine, the thought, "That man never would have cut my finger off, that girl was telling me a wrong story," came suddenly to me.

I see now another picture rather faded. My uncle and aunt and mother have much to talk about that I do not understand. Letters from my father that are slow in coming have something to do with it. I think he and his two brothers went on a canal boat to Buffalo. Then they took a steamer to the little village of Detroit, Michigan. How they traveled across that new made State, I do not know. But I remember conversations when my very large tall Uncle Rufus, visited us in our new Wisconsin home. He would tell about a railroad that had been started out from Detroit but had come to a stand still until some new force got hold of it, about the time he arrived, and how he easily got a job as a section boss or something in that line.

I think he was officially connected with the constructing of the Michigan Central Railroad, until it reached Chicago.

Meantime he had acquired a pleasant home in Kalamazoo, where he had married a lovely young woman, from Virginia.

This reminds me of another of my misunderstandings - childish mortifications.

This memory picture shows Uncle Rufus and my father, each occupying a chair on the front lawn of our new home. I am sitting on my uncle's lap, having a fine time - hugging and patting him - feeling rather sorry for his loneliness. I spoke my thought right out, "Uncle Rufus, why don't you get a mother?" He replies, "I have a mother, your Grandma Darling is my mother." Then I shout out, "I don't mean that way - I mean the way my father says mother."

The two men laugh uproariously to my great embarrassment! How could I know that uncle was making this visit to announce his engagement to be married!

Here is another picture that I love to linger over: I am sitting on my mother's lap. Uncle Andrew is taking us three in his easy carriage to his large pleasant home, for our last visit before we start west. I have been quite ill with a bad cough. I recall how pleased my mother looked when I exclaimed, "See the red apples on the trees!" Then the nice visit at aunt Lavinia's! She had prettier things in her house than my other aunts had.

My Uncle Andrew met Miss Lavinia Gould in Albany, when he

was state senator from Genesee County, New York, and married her. I have always thought of them as very happy with their five children.

No one could easily guess what the farewell present was from my uncle to my father -- A tiny pig, in a cage especially made for it!

He thought this an especially choice breed - would be valuable in the wild country to which we were going. Father and I had lots of fun with this little prisoner, while we were on the boat about two weeks. He would stick his little nose up through the bars of his cage and talk to us in his language which we understood. It was evident that we had a mutual understanding when contrasting the quietness of a sty in the back yard, with a high sea on Lake Michigan. Ned was the name we gave him.

Here is a picture of the steam boat we are on, "The Michigan," with side wheels.

We have said our good-bys to the loved ones we have left - taken a canal boat at Brockport - landed in Buffalo, there we took this steamboat for Racine, Wisconsin. That canal boat ride was something to remember - drawn by a horse walking on a path along the right hand bank of the canal. A man riding it. We seemed to move by jerks, occasionally swinging around and striking the end of a bridge or something else. And everybody screaming it seemed to me.

But on this large steamer we were having a fine time. Had gone the length of Lake Erie and had stopped awhile in Detroit. We were moving on across Lake St. Clair. Father, Mother and I were sitting out on the front deck. I on my father's lap. He was talking with a man he called "Captain."

I was watching something on the top of the boat, which looked like a great long black tester totter, that kept going up and down, without anybody on it. All at once this thing went down with a terrible crash! There was a terrible commotion - clear beyond my comprehension. The captain seemed to go to the lower deck with one bound, shouting out to my father, "Get as far to the front as you can!"

In a little while there was a great calm. Later father told me that the Captain said, "The engineer, with great courage and presence of mind has saved the boat, but we will have to drift for awhile, until another comes along to tow us back to Detroit."

Soon there is a shout from the upper deck, "A sail vessel in sight!" It comes in a friendly way to us and tows our boat back to Detroit. We are detained here about one day, then with our repaired boat we make another start. After awhile we are out of sight of land - just water - water - everywhere! I am told that we are on Lake Huron. Again we are nearing land - high bluffs a little back from the water. A few queer little cabins near by. Such a wondering look in my mother's eyes as she sees strange people staring at us! With blankets drawn

over their heads! This place is called Mackinac. Is mother thinking that such people are to be her neighbors in our new home?

A number of people leave our boat to go to Green Bay on a sailboat. Again we are moving out. Father and I spend a little time each day talking to little Ned and feeding him. Two or three days have passed and we are nearing a stopping place. We are told this is Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

My memory picture of this village is very dim - just land and a few houses - not very high. My first view of Milwaukee as my father lifts me up on his arm was, September, 1840. Little did I think it would be my home city so many years!

I wonder how many inhabitants of this early date are still residing here as I am in 1927.

I see the men untie the ropes and we are riding on the waves again. Father says the next place, Racine is the end of our journey, our new home is to be there.

We are now moving around a point of land. Our boat rocks like a cradle - we see land - then we see nothing but water. Alas! The Captain says, "I can't make it!"

Racine has no harbor or pier. The men have to pole out a flat boat to us. The waves are now too high for that. We'll have to go on to Chicago. What a disappointment! We have to

stay with our boat, "The Michigan" and wait for a calmer sea. Another night and we reach Chicago - quite a little village. I can see the tavern that father takes us to, a white frame building. As we go up the stairs we land in a sort of lobby, furnished with a couch and chairs. There is a long hall running to the north, with many doors on either side.

I can see my mother sitting on the couch and a woman acquaintance she made on the boat, sitting near her. Mother is helping her to trim a new bonnet. I can see her rolling the ribbon over the top of the bonnet and making a large bow to go on somewhere. I thought my mother knew how to do everything. Wonder if this new friend thought so too!

She has a little girl about my size, and such fun as we have - running the length of the hall - only we must do it very softly so as not to disturb people. We remember going down but we forget coming back. So we have to sit on chairs for awhile!

Here is another picture in my memory gallery - almost 87 years old, that is not much faded.

Lake Michigan has calmed again. We are on our boat moving over smooth waters. That small group of houses on a high bluff near the lake is Racine. Those men with long poles, pushing a flat boat, are coming to meet our boat.

Here they are! Bumping against us now! My father has

jumped onto this queer craft and is helping others to catch the boxes and bundles, and all sorts of belongings thrown from our boat. He carefully handles little Ned and me too - when mother hands me over the rail of our boat, then she comes also.

Ah Me! How many times through life have I looked at this picture.

Our little green churn has been turned bottom side up, on this flat boat. I am sitting on it - father close by. His left arm holding me tight. Mother near by. I watch her large wondering eyes. What does she see? Little Ned and I are quite void of anticipation - what is fills our minds.

I never look upon this picture without feeling tenderly touched by the memory of my childhood assurance that nothing could possibly harm me when father was near. Akin to that deeper assurance we have that, "Not even a sparrow falls to the ground without the Heavenly Father's notice."

And here is a view of our first night and day in Wisconsin. Father evidently found some one to take us out, three miles west of Racine to "Uncle Wagner's." No real uncle of ours but the sort of man that wins that name. A Pennsylvania Dutchman, good as queer. My father made his home with him and his good wife the winter before while he was looking for his prairie farm.

When father left to come for Mother and me, Uncle Van said,

"Bring them right here for the Winter, because in the Spring we are going to move ten miles north where there are some trees." We can stay here until our new house is built.

Uncle Van's "Ha, Ha! Hello, there!" is our introduction to his home, and my amazement.

A log house with one large room. An immense fire place on the north side - on the left side of this a large bake oven. In the fire place a long crane on which the tea kettle sings and other kettles boil. On the opposite side of the room are two bed rooms, made a la sleeping cars - not of such nice material, I presume.

I can see my mother putting me to bed in one of these rooms with a caution that I must keep very quiet.

Another picture - here - of the morning that has come so soon to me. Something very wonderful has happened in the night! The least mite of a baby has come to Mr. and Mrs. Van Wagner! My mother shows it to me. I must keep very still so as not to wake it up.

Mother is so busy doing everything. A few days later I see myself sitting in my little chair - mother near by has put the wee baby - asleep - on my lap. A truly alive baby with real hair on its head! A scary feeling comes over me when it opens its eyes! I want mother to take it!

How the remarks of older people do perpetuate the memory pictures of a child!

Here is a picture of my father and mother having a side conversation: Father says, "We never could eat him, and he has entirely outgrown his cage."

After awhile some man comes, and I never see our little Ned any more.

Here is a story my mother pictured of her first six weeks in Wisconsin. When baby Ann Van Wagner was two weeks old, she began to cough - a strong cough. It soon developed into violent whooping cough.

Mother knows then that the little spasms of coughing I have been having - even before we started west - must have been whooping cough, though I had never whooped. Mother is so regretful that we brought so much suffering to the precious baby!

She is up all times of day and night caring for her. A few times she has feared that baby Ann has breathed her last breath. Great is the joy when it is evident that she has whooped her last whoop, and soon baby dimples and smiles of recognition appear.

I remember for myself, new freedom and happiness until one morning, just after I had made a bed on a chair, and put my

dolly in it - some old man came in - and never looking sat down on it - and smashed it! I was too much afraid of "bears" to express my feelings.

But I did get a truly doll bedstead, with high posts and with curtains all around and on top. This picture is very clear. I am drawing the curtains back to look at my doll, and there is my kitty, all curled up in the middle of the bed - purring! Kitty and I are on very good terms. I taught her to sit on my lap and swing! Kittens have to be trained to do that!

Baking day was always very interesting to me. Some kindling and wood was put in the oven and a big fire made. After the wood was burned and the coals raked out, lots of good things to eat were put in. A large pan of pork and beans, rye and Indian bread - pies. Then the oven door was shut tight. This worked just like our present day fireless cooker. Every thing was cooked through but not burned.

Another picture. Here is Spring at last. Wild flowers and sunshine - snow all gone, and so have the Van Wagners, dear baby and all.

I am going to school, about a half mile away. I follow a path across a field and meet four or five other children, so have company the rest of the way.

Here is another picture - marking the progress of events:

I have been ill a day - but next day - feeling much better - I got started for school - a little late. I do not expect to find my playmates on the way but they surprise me - perhaps loitering for me - as I join them we hasten on to school.

Here is a picture of what happens: We are in school "toeing the mark." The teacher with ferule in hand gives a stinging blow on the palm of an outstretched hand of each of us as she passes down our line - reminding us that tardiness can not be tolerated. My mother having been a teacher herself must have been one of the progressives, for she had an interview with our teacher upon the subject of corporal punishment.

Another interesting picture is of our going to church in Racine.

Father has bought a fine pair of steers - with real horns on their heads. They are hitched to a wagon with two seats. Father, mother and I - in our Sunday clothes - occupy these.

The steers go scampering along as though they expected to get somewhere. Soon we come to a bridge over a little brook - quicker than I can tell it, they skid into the water - help themselves to a copious drink, and land us on the farther side more safely than a present day Ford would have done.

And duly we swing up in front of the Racine church. This must have made a picture for my mother to have sent to her folks in the east - showing the proprieties of pioneer life.

However it is not long before a span of horses are needed on the farm. So we have a more dependable conveyance on Sundays.

I have a picture quite distinct of our new five room house on the farm. It is painted white. We are now six miles west from Racine on Pleasant Prairie. This was a fairy land to me, during the summer. In a short time I could fill my apron with wild flowers - marvelously beautiful.

Wild roses - smelled so sweet, shooting stars, phlox and many others, nameless to me. Also yellow moccasins that I could fill with water - put them on the stove and watch it boil!

I can see now another interesting picture. The arrival from the folks east of a barrel full of slips of fruit trees, currant bushes, bulbs of various kinds and always something special for me!

Not long ago my children saw these same slips, grown into large trees, and into old age like myself. They were started in my first decade about six years behind me. Since then we have seen that these old-time honored trees have been cut down. But the second and better built house that my father had on this farm is still occupied by some one.

I hope my children are not getting weary of this long rambling in my memory gallery. We each of us have one of our own. The pictures keep well even if we do not turn them to the

light very often.

Here is a picture of the first house we have moved in before it is quite completed. The front door is fastened up some way - without hinges, as it is not necessary to use the door the hinging is postponed - until a frightfully cold wind strikes us. I am snuggled into a warm corner near the stove. Mother is busy about the house. Suddenly there comes an awful slam -- Bang!! And in tumbles our front door! And a big Englishman spread all over it, face down! He scrambles up on his feet, meaning piteously, "I am starved, so starved!" Mother hastens to get some food and hot drink. He says, "Oh no, Madam, I am not hungry - only starved with cold!"

I think of this as an especially educational picture for Mother and me, as she did not know that this use of the word "starved" was common in England. It seems that most of the people about us are recently from England.

Thomas works for my Father. He is in this picture: Father sees a man with a load of wheat on the main road from Janesville to Racine. His wagon is fast in the mud up to the hubs of the wheels. He calls to Thomas, "Take our team and go down there and help that man out." Thomas goes immediately with the span of horses. They are a quarter of a mile away. Father watches the performance from our sitting room window. He suddenly grows very indignant, "What does Thomas mean?" He is standing there with his hands in his pockets - not helping that fellow the least! When he returns after the job is done - but might have

been done sooner if he had helped a little, Father says, "Thomas, why did you not give that man a helping hand?" Thomas replies, "I was showing my independancy."

Here is another picture associated with quite a thrill in my mind.

I hear Mother calling to me from the outside. I run to find her. She is standing on nearly the top rail of our pig pen where there are several pigs and one very strange animal. It is covered with a fur coat, spotted brown and white, short legs, long claws, sharp-quick moving eyes, long nose - body about eighteen inches long, perhaps.

Mother wonders what he is and where he came from. She asks me to bring a flatiron. She throws it at him. Then I bring other things.

I think she throws an ax that hits him on the head and kills him. Then Mother comes into the house completely exhausted. When Father comes he wonders too.

He gets the dead animal out of the pen and skins it. Then he stretches the skin and tacks it on a board - fur side out - and stands it up against the house.

It is not long before a county officer in passing - stops. He exclaims, "Ha, there! You have killed a badger!" Father tells him of Mothers exploit. The officer congratulates her and says,

"Send in your name and particulars, as you have told me, to the county seat and you will receive a \$3.00 bounty."

Mother is too modest to broadcast her name in that way. Women did not come to the front then as they do now. Wisconsin was in that early date called the Badger State because the badgers were so numerous.

Here is another picture. I think I will name it a Sentimental picture.

Mother takes me into a room by ourselves. She begins to talk to me in a kind of soft voice - something about my aunt Sarah. She and my Uncle Henry, my father's younger brother, and sister have been with us awhile. They are frequently out with some other young folks in our neighborhood. Almost every Sunday a tall - thin young man (not so very handsome) with an awfully homely big dog - that scares me - comes and stays - and stays!

Mother tells me that we are going to have company - the minister and some others.

It is to be a wedding. The first I have ever seen. She pauses - I burst out in a high key, "Is that what that big dog has been coming here for!" Mother ends our interview. She evidently tells father and the others what I said. That "big dog" is often referred to.

Here is a queer little picture of our Thomas, standing in our kitchen, waiting for the tea kettle to boil, so that he can fill his jug with hot water. Mother wonders that he wants hot water, when cold water would be so much more refreshing. Thomas says, "Oh, No, Mrs. if I take cold water, every time I come to take a drink it is warmer and warmer, if I take hot water, every time I come back to the jug for a drink it is cooler and cooler. Mother is convinced that Thomas is an unusual thinker.

Just here is an old picture of me. I have gone with my father about a mile on his way to Racine, to visit with two little girls until he returns. We are upstairs having a fine time with their playthings. The mother is nice, too. She allows them to open a large box, to show me a beautiful wax doll. I had never seen one like it.

But while they were showing it to me, they kept running to the window to see if their father was coming. They seem scared lest he might know they have the doll out. It gives me a scared feeling that he might not like my being there. I like to snuggle up to my father and tell him things.

Oh, here is a far-back picture. Mother has gone to a neighbor, about a half mile distant. Father is at home. It looks like an April morning. There is a banking of some kind all around the house to keep the winter cold out.

I am seized with a firm resolve. I have over heard some-

thing. I have planted myself on the bank at the south east corner of the house.

I can see the roof of the house where Mother is, and all the clear blue sky above it. I'll sure see that baby when God drops it down! I look and keep looking, until I almost cry - my eyes ache so - and yet I missed it. Mother comes, and says its there. I think I'll name this picture "Disappointed Hopes."

And here is another picture. I name this "Harmful Suggestions."

Andrew, a boy from Racine, about twelve years old, whose father has recently died - is staying with us awhile. Father is going to Racine and tells him to keep good watch of his just - finished stack of up-land hay, which he considers very choice - and not let a prairie fire get into it. I am in the garden and hear Father say this to him. When Father has gone, Andrew says to me, "You help me lift some boards and we will fix it the way the men do so the prairie fire will not touch it. He had some matches. He lights a little fire in the grass, about a rod away from the hay stack. We then put a board on the flame, and then we start another little blaze and put it out in the same way. We are going to repeat this until we make a complete circle around the stack.

Oh, Horrors! How could it be? The stack is all ablaze!
Oh, Mother! Mother! Father! Father!

When Father arrives he just looks very thoughtful and sober, as though he regretted saying anything about a prairie fire. Even as a pleasantry, it was a "harmful suggestion."

Here is a picture that is very old, but I readily recognize it. Father, Mother and I are spending a few weeks with the Van Wagners', while Father is splitting rails for our prairie farm. I am going to a near by school.

For some reason Father and Mother go home for a few days. They invite the Van Wagners' to be their guests for Thanksgiving dinner. The Van Wagners' accept the invitation, leaving me and their two children, younger than I, at a near by neighbors. We have a nice time and after supper we are taken back home. I presume it is because it is snowing and the Van Wagners' will be home soon.

The living room is large - at one end a large fire place, at the opposite end is a bed. We children usually sleep up stairs, but while waiting for the folks to come, we get into their bed and are soon fast asleep. Suddenly I am awakened by a terrible racket. The front door bursts open! Big dog bounds in! I use all my strength banging the door shut. I succeed in latching it. I do not know that any doors were locked in those days.

Rover quiets down by the hearth. I get back into bed, all in a flutter and cold. The folks have not come yet. I cannot telephone to the neighbors! So after awhile I get to sleep.

When I awake it is day light. We are still alone. Quite early the Van Wagners' arrive.

The storm is so furious and it is so easy to get lost on the prairie, that they dare not venture out until it is day light.

When Uncle Van comes in from putting his horses in the barn, he exclaimed, "There must have been a wolf here last night." In the sheepfold, near the barn, a sheep has been killed!

No wonder the dog came in with a bound, that burst the door open and nearly scared the life out of me! If the wolf had not been so busy with the sheep, he might have come in with the dog! Fortunately I missed his call.

Here is a wonderful winter scene taken in 1843: Pleasant Prairie - one vast field of white, glistening snow - very deep - so frozen on the top that sleigh loads of merry makers drive their horses, with tinkling bells in every direction, regardless of roads.

This New Years evening, father picks up a load. We drive three miles across the fields to Kelloggs Corners (now known as Slyvania) to attend a watch night service in a little new church.

I am left at the parsonage, near the church, with two or three other children. Before the midnight hour we drop to sleep.

Later we are awakened by a great racket - jingling of bells - shoutings of "Happy New Year."

Father and Mother come hurrying on my warm wraps. I ride on my Father's arm out to our sleigh. Wonderful star-light! The man in the moon is keeping watch of us! Father says so. Jack Frost makes the sleigh or something snap and crack while Father is driving.

After awhile Father says, to the man sitting next to him, "I fear we are lost! You take the lines, there is a hay stack - I will go over there and see if we can get on the windward side of it and wait for daylight."

We are all very quiet while Father goes a few rods to the stack to investigate. As he turns to come back, we all hear his hearty laugh, "Ha, Ha" ring out on the crisp night air, and hear him say, "Its my stack! I guess we'll go home to sleep!" So we begin the New Year with an eventful sleigh ride and a sweet sleep in our own beds at "Home Sweet Home."

Here is a view of a new development, that shows quite a transformation in four years. A highway divides our farm in halves. Our first house on the northwest corner of the half - occupied now by the man who is cultivating that part of the farm on shares. On the northeast corner of the west half, Father has built us a much more comfortable home than the first one.

In front of it we have a wonderful flower garden, that

Mother and I devote much time to. My specialty is pulling out weeds that thrive as the flowers in this rich mellow soil. I see now a row of "four o'clocks" - a beautiful red - in the midst there is a rank pig-weed, about my height. I take hold of it vigorously, hoping to pull it out root and all. It yields so quickly that - over I go - pig-weed in my embrace! Mother is startled - then laughs heartily at my surprise.

And here is Father just driving up with a new investment - a two-seated open carriage. Almost as good as new - almost - but not quite. He shows the frame work - how good it is, the wheels, the springs. He shakes them to show how free from rattles!

Woman fashion, Mother says, "But what is under these nice linen covers?" She investigates. I peek. What a sight! Cushions shockingly dirty and ragged! Stuffing almost dropping out! I wonder if a man always would make better bargains with a woman's help? I remember just one ride in this carriage.

Here is another picture, which may be classed as a moving picture:

A rather tall, mature looking girl, for only twelve years of age, comes riding up to our gate on a horse - without a saddle. She greets me (nearly three years younger than herself) as "playmate" and implores my mother to let me have a little ride with her. My mother grants the request for a short ride. She

puts me on the horses back, behind my playmate (not astride of course in those days) cautioning me to hold tight.

Its great fun. We wander out upon the open prairie, farther than we meant to. We are very happy, until suddenly I lose my hold! And over I go! Backward over the hips of the horse. Even now, eighty three years later, I can feel the thrill of that tumble. And that horse never lifted a hoof to hurt me! My playmate springs to the ground. I am soon on my feet. Behold! Another problem is how to get on the back of our horse again. Not a stone or a stump or fence near us! Just grass, tall prairie grass, everywhere! How were we to reinstate ourselves? My witty mate has a thought.

She ties a loop in the reins of the bridle and puts her foot in the loop. After various efforts she is again remounted. Then I follow her directions - put my toe in the loop. My adventurer catches my hands and pulls me up to a seat in front of her. And we wend our way safely back to my home. I can never forget the anxiety we thoughtless girls had caused my mother to feel. Eighty one years after this horse-back experience we girls have met again.

Here is something I have had in my possession since the May when I was thirteen years old - A certificate given me by the clerk of our school district, stating my qualifications to teach the Caledonia Summer School, where I had been a pupil during the winter.

Father took me to see the place where I would have to board. I found I would have to walk about a half a mile across a meadow, where a number of horned cattle were turned loose every day, in order to reach my school. My courage failed me. I was afraid of horns!

Father said, "If you feel that way about it, you better go home with me." Some one else may have said, "The fate of a spoiled child!" I think my father was right when he playfully hinted that my certificate possibly indicated what the clerk did not know, rather than my store of knowledge.

Here I see myself at the age of fourteen. I have a seat with a fine group of girls in the Girls Seminary in Racine. Among them I meet Hattie Sexton - to my mind the most charming girl I have ever seen. She is the leader in our Calisthenics. How gracefully she walks across the room, from one end to the other - with a book on her head, which she could not do if she bobbed up and down, so ungraceful in walking, as most of us do. I do not even remember the names of the other girls. But I can see the arrow-shaped silver pin (about three inches long) holding the locks of hair in place on Hattie Sexton's head. What a freaky, wonderful gift memory is!

I greatly admired the preceptress of the Seminary, except in one morning talk at the opening of the school. She says many fine things - urging us to live true, right lives. Then all will be well with us here and hereafter. If we fail to do this, our lives will be like bad dreams from which we never

can awake. I have always been afraid of bad dreams and to think of never awaking! I would like to lose this picture.

Here is a surprise. Father and Mother are here in Racine, looking for a house to rent. Father has sold our farm in 1849 for \$2,000.00. According to my thinking we are very rich. I am thinking of ten hundred dollars multiplied by two! Father and Mother are not making this estimate.

Soon we are settled in a comfortable home, not far from the Seminary. The winter passes pleasantly. Father is making a business of buying wheat from the farmers to ship to Buffalo.

A new subject comes up for consideration. Mother would so like to take me East to Mt. Holyoke Seminary, where cousin Hattie Reed is getting her education. But it would take two weeks to get there. Even longer after navigation closes.

This mentioning "Hattie Reed" discloses another memory picture. In this I think I am about ten years old.

Mother and I have a trip east to visit our relatives in New York State. We came on a steamboat to Buffalo. Then we took our first ride on a railroad! About fifty miles. Soon after we are seated in the car the train moves forward rapidly a short distance - then speedily backs up! I see Mother's large - wondering, black eyes. I am scared! We never had heard of side tracking.

But here we are now at North Bergen, in the recently finished new home of Aunt Jane (my mother's sister) and Uncle Horatio Reed. Father is coming later to go home with us.

Soon Mother and Aunt Jane have a plan which they carry out. They leave Hattie (a year older than I am) and me to amuse ourselves while they take passage on a canal boat, on the Erie Canal, to Albany. Here they cross the Hudson River and go to Lebanon Springs. Their Mother (our Grandmother) is there taking care of their Grandmother (our Great Grandmother Hunter) then ninety years old. What an old picture this is. I will be ninety three years old myself next month.

We girls have a fine time during their absence but we are deeply interested in what they are telling us of their visit.

A chair by a window was our great grandfather's seat for many years - and great grandma has been sitting there until she has made foot prints on the floor. It is not probable that Hattie or I will make foot prints anywhere.

Now they open a hat box and show us some of great grandmother's wardrobe - to keep in memory of her, as she would have no further use for it.

A black satin bonnet with a round crown for the back of it. Below this is what is called a cape, about three inches deep. The front flaring upward from the forehead about four

inches. In everything the best material is used. Also a black satin cape trimmed with lace, reaches to the skirt in the back and in the front to the bottom of the skirt nearly.

Another scene later: Hattie and I are upstairs. We have opened the box here for safe keeping and dressed ourselves up in Great Grandma's finery. I think I am hid away in the bonnet. Hattie, taller than I, has on the mantilla. We are having a lot of fun playing the part of grown ups.

A surprise! Aunt Jane appears in our midst. She tells us exactly what she thinks of our playing with things that our Great Grandma kept so carefully. We girls are slow in getting her point of view. We have never seen our Great Grandma. We are only amused by the quaint style of dress. We did not think of disrespecting our ancestor.

I wonder if fifty years from now some thoughtless girls will be making a pageant of the styles of dress the women were wearing in 1928.

Bobbed hair, close fitting hats, skirts knee short, flesh colored hose and artistic garters - just for show! It seems that anything out of style is a joke, or worse. I admit that when I was a young lady, I wore a bustle and a hoop skirt! How I would have looked without them!

Here is another picture well preserved. Father has arrived and before our departure home in the far west, Aunt

Jane has a family party of uncles, aunts and cousins.

The wonderful new dishes with raised flowers of dark blue are used. The folks come - not minding that it is a rainy day. A jolly company around a long table. We children listen in while the others tell stories of "how things used to be" and how much better they are now.

Then they drop into making rhymes. I hear Uncle Joshua Green, who is really a cousin, say

"Uncle Josh, came in the sposh,
With railroad speed, to see Uncle Reed."

The farewells are all said and we three are taking our first ride in a car all the way to Chicago - no sleeper yet. Then by boat to Racine. We stop at Kalamazoo for a little visit with my Uncle Rufus and his family. He has a cute little boy, three years old.

He enjoys playing with his next door neighbor, a little boy about his own age. He is not allowed to go there on Sunday. One Sunday uncle heard him calling to his little playmate in the adjoining back yard, "They, ith it Thunday at your houth, tith here!"

Here I am back in school again. Mother wishing more than ever that I could go to Mt. Holyoke.

Father has been reading in a Chicago paper - possibly the Tribune. And this is the story:

A rich man in Boston - Amos Appleton Lawrence, wants to found a school in the far west for the young people of such limited opportunities to acquire an education. He will give \$10,000.00 for this purpose.

He is an Episcopalian himself but he thinks the Methodists have the right kind of energy to put such a project through. He probably has John Wesley in mind. Later: The Methodists have accepted this proposition. They have bought a section of land on the north bank of the upper Fox River, thirty miles from Green Bay.

Already they have completed a building for a preparatory coeducational school, which is opened now, September 1849. Students are coming quite promptly - taking studies preparatory to the college that is to be.

Here Father and Mother are holding one of their wonted conversations. Finally Father says, "Well, I will go up there and look the situation over."

He goes - not with an automobile, in four hours as we can now. He must have gone on horse back or with a buggy. He is gone a week or more. Does not telephone or telegraph or even write. Such things are not expected in these primeval days.

And here is another home scene. Father is telling about the wonderful country - away up in the north part of the State. A beautiful lake forty miles long - at the north end a little village called Neenah. Oshkosh is the name of another village about midway on the west side of the lake. It has a butcher shop (a place where they sell all kinds of meat). At the north end, this lake empties into Fox River and this river into Lake Michigan.

At Neenah we have to keep on the north side of the river seven miles to reach Appleton, because there are no bridges across this river anywhere.

When we reach Appleton we have to go down into a deep ravine and then up again. There will be a bridge there some time.

Here is a picture which shows that moving to Appleton is decided upon. The packing is done. I evidently have said good-bye to my school. I think there are three wagon loads of household goods and food provisions. Especially easy seats prepared for my grandma Darling and for my Mother, who rides with her. I go with my Father ahead of the procession to engage meals and places for the night.

We sleep the first night in a Wayside Inn, in a location I think, about where Horicon is now. (Leaving Racine early in the morning). I do not remember our location the second night but I do remember a wonderful meal at a farm house between

Oshkosh and Neenah.

I can see the large slices of ham and fried eggs and that the man there called me "Mrs. Darling." He sees quite a contrast when the real Mrs. Darling arrives. I am just a little girl.

The third day we have driven thru Neenah. It is almost sundown when we arrive at the ravine, that we must go down into and climb up from before we can reach Appleton. I curl up my toes and hang on to my seat. We make it! Then watch until Mother and Grandmother are safely over. The load that has the kitchen stove tips over. I think it is left there for the night.

We are cordially welcomed at the Edgerton Hotel. It is the only hotel in Appleton. Father has been there so recently, a little four year old girl recognizes him. She is allowed to bring him his cup of tea when we are at supper.

We remain in this hotel until father has a temporary cabin put up in which we are comfortable, while our house is being built just in front of us.

Here is a memory picture made the first of March 1850. I am just going to make my entrance into the Preparatory Department of Lawrence College, that is to be. I am timid about going alone as I have seen some horned cattle on the street. Professor Sampson, who is calling upon my father, says,

"I will go with you." Much to my relief.

I meet the preceptress, who is very inquisitive. Miss Dayton, the French teacher, captivates me. The Latin teacher will hear me and a boy recite until we catch up with the class ahead of us. How this speeds up my ambition to get into the regular class! I almost dream in Latin when I sleep. The boy does not like Latin anyway. He thinks he would rather spend his time on something else.

The By-laws for this coeducational school make another picture. They are numerous and explicit. In case of rain, if a young man has an umbrella, he can walk with a young woman. One student has the habit of carrying an umbrella and calling himself a "rain-beau."

Here is another picture that is not at all dimmed. I see in it our Preceptress (Dean of women, we would call her now). She is one of the first graduates from Oberlin College. She is very resolute in the performance of what ever she undertakes. A good example for us girls.

This picture shows her leading her class in Botany over a temporary bridge to a beautiful little island, near the south bank of the river. Some workmen made this bridge by laying loose boards on some sawhorses, a few feet apart. We are a little timid as we start to follow our leader across this bridge. She tells us to, "Look up and not down, and then there will be no danger." We land safely on this beautiful little

island. We find some rare specimens of wild flowers. Returning, some of us must have forgotten to "look up." We had to get down upon our hands and knees and creep - lest we fall in the river.

Here is a picture of the first bridge across the Fox River at Appleton, completed in 1852.

The contractor is walking on the bridge. Evidently reviewing the job with satisfaction. He stops at the edge, near the center, stands on one foot as he tosses with the other foot some debris into the river. He loses his balance and falls into the river. He rises several times but he cannot stand in the rapid current on slippery stones. There is no possible way of reaching him. All Appleton mourns and sympathizes with his bride.

This picture of a Spring vacation at Lawrence College is a reminder of several experiences. Students from out of town do not all go home for a week's vacation.

We who remain in Appleton make a good time for ourselves worth remembering. The young men suggest a maple sugar party. It looks attractive to us girls. They borrow several gallon jugs at a store. They take them out in the country a few miles to a maple sugar camp, where the men are taking the sap from the trees. There the students buy sap to fill their jugs. They have engaged the use - for the evening - of the Hanna Hotel kitchen, where they can boil down the sap into a sirup. And have the usual fun of a sugaring off party.

We girls are there to help carry out the program. We watch the boiling sap. Soon it will be a thick sirup. On a ball of snow it will become candy. Then we can pull and twist it, having a lot of fun in the meantime. But what has happened? The result is not what was expected! The sap does not thicken. Smells queer! Tastes like vinegar! The conclusion is that there must have been vinegar in one of the jugs! "This is all off," said the boys.

"What next?" "Lets go up to the ballroom." Here we are indulging in some old fashioned games and dances.

Time speeds by faster than we think! I happen to look out of an east window. I cannot see the least tip of Aurora's rosy fingers but there is an unusual light in that direction! I start the game of getting home as soon as possible, in which all join.

At home I quietly slip into my room. When I awake, Mother is standing by my bed with tears in her eyes. Never again did I cause her such anxiety. Home happiness first.

I see in this picture one of the fine young men of Lawrence College.

He invites me and my room mate to go with him to Menasha in the evening to hear a popular speaker on the subject of temperance. This is to us what a movie would be today. In fact the speaker, in this picture, is a "movie" himself -

walking the rostrum, throwing his arms, shouting and whispering - even putting on a stage fit of delirium tremens to emphasize the evils of alcohol.

We go and enjoy it all - except the occasional rumble of distant thunder. Later: We three are seated - as we came in the buggy, on one seat, the driver in the middle. Lightning flashes, thunder roars, rain pours. Trees bend to the wind! We two struggle to hold on to our umbrella. It protects our driver! We speed through the forest on an uneven road. Our driver is intent on his job. Ada and I are getting a wonderful shower bath with each violent gust of wind and the two sides of the umbrella directing the water down our necks.

Now out of the woods - across the river. Home again. We have had an interesting evening - have thanked our friend. All is well that ends well. Mother is happy now we are at home.

Here is another very clear picture. It is the John F. Johnson house on the river bank facing the north, at the end of the street on which the Y. M. C. A. building faces. Several of us Lawrence girls happen to be at Mrs. Johnson's on some community meeting. We see some of the Lawrence boys going to the polls - to vote for the first time. This is the first of April, 1854.

We can see by the way they walk that they feel like real grown-ups. They are going to set some things right in this world.

One of them has on a new silk "stove-pipe" hat. Such as President Cook wears and other men on special occasions. My father has one. Felt hats are not invented yet. Boys wear caps or straw hats.

I wonder what the "women's-right-women" think they will wear when they go to the polls to vote, the first time, as they feel so sure of doing. I have no anticipation that it will be in my day.

A classmate is spending the day with me - on a little farm my father has bought, about three miles northwest of Appleton. We spend a few days here in the summer vacation.

Just now two men are here - digging a well. We look down at them working. Perhaps they are fifteen feet below the surface.

We are astonished at what they are throwing up just now. The men say they have struck a tamarack swamp. Sure enough! Some fresh-green pieces of a tamarack tree! And still alive!

We'll take these samples back with us to college. We wonder if this whole region was once a tamarack swamp! Only a few minutes! What has happened? Color gone! Wood dropped into ashes! Did the sun do this?

Could there have been "on the air" centuries ago - some-

where in the realm of nature - a proclamation that there would be an Amos Appleton Lawrence, who would found a Lawrence College in the far west for the coeducation of young people!

And did the edict go forth that this tamarack swamp must be buried alive? And in the interest of mental and physical culture for the coming generations, at Lawrence College - high banks must be thrown up on each side of the then mighty-on-going river! Also deep ravines cut and gentle slopes made, also hills and dales and needful plaines.

Some one must have sowed the seed of wild flowers - and planted young oakes, and graceful elms, that are beautiful in their prime and honored in age.

I am sure Lawrence College did not just happen. It came when the beautiful location at Appleton was prepared for it.

Another old memory picture is still very clear. I see a group gathered about the northeast corner of the foundation of the first building of Lawrence College - named later the "Main Hall."

The class of seven of eighteen fifty seven - as a group standing near President Cook - is deeply interested as he puts the memorials in the stone. I wonder at the number of articles that are included in this contribution. Papers from the trustees, our programs or various entertainments, a copy of the "Appleton Crescent," first newspaper published in Appleton. Trustees and

Faculty and others interested are eagerly watching this ceremony, seventy five years ago!

The treasures and the memories are kept. Main Hall is still standing with open doors for all the young people who are interested in what it stands for. Those who saw its foundation are out of sight, but their influence still is felt.

Only one remains of that first class. The classes of today make the center of our interest and hopes now, as they should.

Here is a memory picture that interests me. I am the only one left to tell the story. I am just leaving the institution. The days work is done.

One of the girls says, "Oh, wait a minute! We girls are going to have a sleigh ride tonight. Mr. A. is going to take us with his horses and sleigh. We'll call for you about seven thirty."

I tell the folks at home. There are no objections - "just girls." I am bundled up - ready and waiting. I hear the tinkling of sleigh bells - rush to the window. No girls. Funny! Looks like bags of grain having a ride!

Tinkling again! Oh, the girls this time! I am fortunate. I am seated on about the middle of one of the long side seats. Great fun to face the others and all talk at once! Where are we

going? Oh, on the bridge crossing the river and towards Menasha! Away we go, with merrily tinkling bells!

Bang! Slam! Sudden stop! What is the matter? Another sleigh beside us! Half the girls jumping into that sleigh! Boys are filling the vacancies here! I do not move, but I am fortunate as far as company is concerned. I say to him, "What is that circling around us out there in the snow?"

Sure as can be that is Professor Kellogg's black pony. He keeps it in my father's barn! Prof. Kellogg and Brooks in the cutter. Prof. Kellogg is standing up - looking at us!

The leaders of our party think we will not be any worse off if we finish our program for the evening. So we go on to Menasha, but return in good season.

Next day faculty meetings on the subject of ignored coeducational by-laws postponed our classes. Finally a paper is presented for us to sign - acknowledging our fault in joining in a clandestine sleigh ride. I sign my name. But it occurs to me that I am not clear as to the meaning of the word clandestine. I look in the dictionary. Then I go to the Professor and tell him I had nothing to do with the clandestine part - and get my name erased. Others may have done something.

Coeducational by-laws are becoming a joke - suggesting activities and transgressions that would never be thought of

without them. And they are so conspicuously posted. Like some parents, who are always saying, "must not" instead of "here is something nice to do."

This picture brings back an old tremor of alarm! I am company for my Grandma Darling this Sunday evening, while my father and mother are at church.

Grandma tells me stories of what happened when she was a little girl in Saybrook, Connecticut.

All at once I catch an odor of something burning. Smells like wood! What can it be? I run from one room to another. Then I open the door on to the street. A blaze almost over the tree tops! Our "Institution" - Can it be!

Men running in that direction! Church service is over. Our new church just a block beyond. Men rush to help - with very little equipment to extinguish fire! Later it is found that a boy, rooming on the attic floor of the institution - puts his wet stockings near his stove to dry just before he went to church. This may have caused the fire that destroyed the first preparatory building for Lawrence College. Most of the furnishings below the attic are saved.

Stories are told of students who threw valuables out of the windows and carried stove pipes down the stairs.

Homes are opened for student roomers. A boarding house

had recently been built and occupied on the Institution block - where the conservatory of music is now. Soon two new buildings are rented for temporary use until the Main Hall is completed.

We old students have some very pleasant associations with the locality of the present conservatory of music.

In the institution we had two pianos - one was burned. The best one was saved. There thrills pass - and we move on to the attainment of better things.

I think of this as a mission picture. It shows the Oneida Mission Church as it was the first time I saw it in 1853.

The occasion is remarkable because the privilege was granted to two sleigh loads of Lawrence students to attend the service of this church on Sunday - wagon boxes are put on the sleighs - two long seats the length of the box. Four couples on a seat facing those at the opposite side. Aurora is just stretching out her rosy fingers to open the new day, when each driver has picked up his load of students. Each with a hymn-book in hand.

We glide along over the snow covered road - singing some familiar hymn. I am with the second load. The first sleigh leaves a better track for us.

What has happened!! My nose! Why, they are all in the same plight! There goes our driver, standing on the running

gear of our sleigh. Nobody seriously hurt. All scrambling up! Caps off - bonnets out of shape! Hair tousled! We girls try to restore each others bonnets, while our driver comes back with our horses and sleigh. Our escorts put the box and the seats in place again.

We all agree that we will not tell the other load what happened. They are too far ahead to have seen. Our greatest trouble is to get all the bends out of our bonnets.

We arrive at the church duly. The usher takes us all up to some side seats at the right of the pulpit.

The body of the church is occupied by Indians - men, women and children.

We see our other load on the side seats opposite us. We know by their looks that they see something amiss with us. But we give our attention to the sermon.

The pastor makes a statement - then the interpreter, standing near, repeats it to the audience in their language. Though doubtless many of the Indians also understand our language. The sermon is very good. We can all profit by it. Even the children seemed attentive.

The Indian's native dignity and self respect is admirable. My attention is diverted occasionally by a baby (three or four months old) bound to a board about two feet high. It stands in

the aisle leaning against the end of the pew. There is no cry or any disturbance. Baby seems to be asleep most of the time.

Returning - we again go second. The party in front of us make a discovery that we often hear about, with many variations.

They not only see where we tipped over into the snow bank - they discover a hymn book in the snow bank!

An Old Memory Picture: I wonder if there is any one living in this day of automobiles and aeroplanes, who ever saw a balky horse - such as I am seeing in this picture.

My father has quite a mania for buying first - class horses, with the exception that at times they are balky. Believing that his treatment may sometimes prove to be a cure.

This picture shows father, mother and me in an open carriage (just crossed the river bridge) going north on a narrow curving road up a steep hill - at the left of us a deep ravine. There is not room to pass safely if we meet another team. So father tries to hurry up the hill. The grey horse (one of a span) seems to say, "If you want to hurry me, I won't go at all" - and stops...

Father gets out - unfastens the horse from the carriage, except at the bits, which give way, by a little jerk.

The next scene is more exciting than a ball game! The horse takes an unfortunate side-step and falls down the ravine thirty or forty feet or more. I see his hind feet in the air three or four times before he reaches the bottom of the ravine.

Father hurries down. Helps the poor horse find a way up the hill. He puts the harness on again. Takes his seat in the carriage and says, "Get up." Up the hill we go with no hesitancy. I do not remember of any further trouble with his horse.

A memory picture of our graduation from Lawrence College in the first class - Wednesday, July 1st, 1857. We three girls had to come on with our graduating essays the night before, at the end of a preparatory program.

It will be more dignified on commencement day to have only men on the rostrum. They deliver their orations. It looks as though all of Appleton has turned out to hear them. Even the galleries - on three sides of the Chapel - are crowded.

We are a little apprehensive, as the new device is used of iron rods fastened to the rafters - holding up the galleries with no support beneath.

We girls are permitted to go on to the rostrum with the men to receive our diplomas.

Receiving them we walk away under a perfect shower of

flowers from galleries and floor. Carrying our parchments, quite unconscious that each one of them belongs to some member of the faculty. We have not heard yet, in moving a box containing our parchments, from a steamboat, it was dropped into the lake. We must wait a few days for our very own.

A brass band leading - trustees, faculty and graduated class march out. The president's daughter making our number even for this occasion. Many join our procession as we proceed to the "Hanna Hotel" for our commencement dinner.

There is a little confusion as the graduates arrive - some in advance of our procession are seated at the table designed for us. In a very happy mood we are soon provided for. Everything is satisfactory. Even the green currant pie. I do not think we have ever seen any ice cream.

This picture shows the days after graduation. Good-bys said - students gone to their homes.

What shall I do next? Father and I have a little consultation.

My mother ought to have the opportunity to visit her mother, who is now in her eighties. Her home is with her eldest son, my Uncle Andrew Green, in Byron, New York. Mother can now make the visit, while I show my abilities as house-keeper for father. My plan works. Mother is now on her journey.

I am enjoying my part of the program. Especially, as my best neighbor friend, Cynthia Seaman, is with me most of the time. She has had more experience in cooking than I have had. We are having great fun in making surprise dishes for father.

He looks surprised when he discovers that our strawberry shortcake is made with some very nice ripe tomatoes - instead of strawberries. It continued to be a popular desert. We claim to be the originators of the recipe. Very good when served with cream.

Good news from Mother and she is not worrying about us. What would she have said had she been here when this telegram came to me from Professor Kilgore, Principal of Public Schools in Madison, offering me an opportunity to teach.

He was on a committee of examiners at Lawrence when I graduated. I must have made a good impression.

Of course I want to go. Father does not object. I have to go a little before mother returns.

This picture shows my father taking me and my trunk to Menasha - and seeing me safely on a steamboat for Fond du Lac. There I must stay all night. My first experience alone. In the morning I am to get a train for Madison, the only one there is. I must be sure to be on the platform as soon as possible when we arrive to claim my baggage. Checking has not

been devised yet.

At the end of a long day - I arrive in Madison. I am taken to a hotel. I find a boy who takes a message to Prof. Kilgore, who very soon comes for me with his horse and buggy and takes me to his home.

Here I meet a pleasing young woman, who is asking for a place to teach. She has a boarding place, very desirable. I can go with her. Now we are room mates and friends right away.

This new friend is Susan Ward, from Boston. Her father recently returned from a trip abroad. On this trip he had met our Governor Farwell. They became traveling companions. Hence, this meeting again in Madison.

Our boarding place is just across the street from the Governor's mansion - a newly finished octagon structure, very unique and beautiful in interior finish.

The Wards are invited to the Governor's reception. And I as a friend of theirs, am invited also.

Incidentally, I remember, that I had my very becoming graduating dress to wear, which was appropriate for the occasion.

This reception was the largest social event that I have

ever seen. I learn quite a few things. The Wards' have a happy way of adapting themselves to circumstances.

I am principal of a Grammar School - only one block from our boarding place, with a fine family, the Shiply's. Susan Ward is my assistant.

In us - the east and the west have met together, very harmoniously.

It is next thing to having a trip abroad to have companionship of a real Bostonian for a few months. A kind of post-graduate course for me!

And my companion is here, eager to learn all she can of the west. Her father (who is a retired Congregational minister) is also studying western affairs. I think he has advanced so far as to invest some money in property here. He has a son, recently graduated from Amhurst College, now tutor in Beloit College. He visits here frequently. The talk seems to be mostly about the "prospects of the west."

So the months are slipping by pleasantly. We are very much interested in our school. Our pupils are as enthusiastic in their work as in their recreations. Not making our responsibilities difficult.

The months slip rapidly by. Here is a picture of the last day of our school.

The students are all in their seats. Books piled up on their desks. I am giving them a little good-bye talk of appreciation. At my last word, one of the older boys, a good scholar, fine looking - rises in his seat in the rear of the house, comes forward - bringing a large package.

What he says greatly surprises me. I had not thought of any "farewell gift."

This beautiful leather portfolio from my pupils is a surprise!

I am speechless for a little while, before I can find words to express my appreciation.

Seventy years have passed since I received this gift. It is still my treasure, in which my keepsakes are stored - my first certificate to teach, when I was thirteen years old, program of first commencement at Lawrence College 1857, certificate of wedding.

There is a real photograph in my family, of Susan Ward and myself, in our skating costume. This looks rather sporty - for teachers! This is when we are at our boarding house, where there are several young people, who invite us to skate with them on Lake Monona, near us. A very enjoyable after-dinner recreation.

This picture shows me visiting my cousin Hattie Reed.

She graduated at Holyoke Seminary the year before I graduated from Lawrence College. She is now teaching in Downer College at Fox Lake, Wisconsin.

I am on my way home from Madison. I stop off to spend a day with Hattie. Then she goes home with me to spend a part of her vacation.

We neither of us see that this Downer College will in time become the well known, Milwaukee Downer College of today.

The home coming, after the first long absence, is better than words can tell.

Hattie thinks I am very worldly minded if I think a minister's wife will have any use for a "party dress."

After a few weeks this cousin returns to her home in N. Bergen, New York. A little later picture shows me in Sheboygan, nearer home than Madison.

The friend who engaged the place for me to teach also suggests a good place to board, in which I am now settled.

Here I have some memorable experiences. My hostess is an English lady - a typical English housekeeper, I suspect.

I am promptly at breakfast. Hasten to make up my bed. I leave my room in perfect order, when I go to school.

"1860"

My hostess came to my room the next morning to inform me that none of her beds are to be made up until eleven o'clock in the morning.

This relieves me. The maid does the work. A few days later my hostess meets me again in my room. She always has a chain of keys dangling from her belt.

She speaks in a very positive tone, "You are tempting my maid to steal! Leaving your drawers unlocked!" I stood condemned! I have not thought of my having any responsibility for the conduct of the maid.

Again my hostess meets me in my room. This time it is a matter of dress. She says, "Are you thinking of becoming a minister's wife? And dressing as you do!" I wonder now if her keys fit what I am thinking about. I am not conscious of having told her anything of my plans for the future.

She specializes on the bonnet I wear because it has a cluster of flowers on one side. A decoration so common that I would hardly expect it to attract any attention.

If my hostess's keys work on my thoughts at this point - this is what she finds me thinking:

"You are the best and most expensively dressed woman seen in your church. Your mink cape would more than buy my entire wardrobe. But how would I look in your costume at my

age!"

I think her keys worked well on this occasion. We each maintained our self respect.

In my room I look out over Lake Michigan, from my east windows. In my school room I look over a room full of wide awake interesting pupils.

Here is another picture of the breaking of home ties - not in the north of Ireland, but this time in the north of Wisconsin. In this case I would say the binding of sacred ties.

An early breakfast - A few guests - Prof. Mason, of Lawrence College, reads the service that makes two become one, on the twentieth day of September, eighteen hundred and sixty.

In the midst of good-bys, we take our carriage for an all day's ride. The first request of my husband is, "See your father." He is walking away with head down. I run after him. We have a little cheery make up, as we often do - and the worst is over.

Our home visits are frequent. Father and Mother are comforted by this assurance. They are not worried about me, as they are nearing the end of life's journey.

This picture is very suggestive. It shows a holiday visit from my parents in 1867 - in Evansville Seminary, Preparatory to Lawrence College. Henry Colman A. M. is the Principal. Mrs. Colman A. M. is the dean of women. Our German teacher of music supervises our Christmas decorations. He says they do not have Christmas trees in Germany, but they do have Christmas crowns.

We are very much entertained as we see hanging over the rostrum of our chapel - a large and wonderfully decorated crown.

Many gifts are more or less hidden by evergreens. Pieces of silver glimmer through. To my surprise a half dozen silver teaspoons have been placed there by my pupils for me.

These mean much to me - in these days of our civil war. Some of our young men are walking on crutches or with canes, as the result of their war experiences. The silver sugar spoon, my last Christmas gift from my dear Mother has been in constant use during the past sixty seven years -- and is well preserved. To be inherited by the daughter who wears my name.

Happy holidays - are remembered. The Spring vacation comes. I hasten to the home of my childhood. Mother is not well. One morning she says, "This is my last day on earth." I could not believe it. But it was true.

Here is a group of four baby pictures - taken at different times. Each about one year of age and two or more years apart. No two are very much alike. They are little individuals - even as babies, as all babies are.

This picture taken near the close of day - shows a baby boy sitting on my lap, leaning toward a window and looking up. I lean forward and look up to discover what is attracting his attention. Behold! It is the moon in the clear sky that surprises my baby!

This next picture is taken in Evansville Seminary. We teachers are residing in the main building. A group of girl

students rooming here also - think it is their special privilege on Saturday mornings to borrow my baby. Baby yields very happily to their claims.

On this one year old birthday - My baby is brought back to me in an entirely new outfit, that these busy students have found time to make!

The dress is pink and white - small checks, very nicely made - with feather stitch embroidery. She also has a very pretty pair of embroidered shoes. This first putting of color made my baby seem to have suddenly grown older. The great delight of these girls was in teaching my baby to speak some long difficult word.

When I find her unwinding a spool of thread, I ask her what she is trying to do. She replies, "Spirimems." I finally get to understand that she is trying to say "experiment." This baby talked before she walked.

The baby shown in this third picture has a very successful teacher in walking. Her visiting Grandfather gave her first lesson in this accomplishment. He put her little feet on to his feet - with quite a bend he took the little hands - with her back to him. When I left the room, they were having a merry time walking together.

When I return father says, "There's your baby!" When she saw me - she immediately ran to me alone. Not long after this

she is testing her climbing abilities.

This is my usual busy day in my room, while I am adjusting things out of place. I hear her baby voice cry, "top, top!" What now! She has climbed on to a chair, from the chair on to my dresser - seated herself on a large book - is looking into the mirror, pulling a comb that she has tangled in one of her curls and screaming at the girl in the glass to stop. Quite equal to the kitten that spit at the kitten it saw in the glass. After this episode, I wonder what next. Unless asleep - we are sure of some activity.

This fourth picture shows my baby nearing his first birthday celebration. He stands by a chair, where he has some of his playthings. I am on the carpet - a yard or so away, cutting out a pattern - my back to him. All at once I feel the touch of his baby hands on my neck and little sister arrives at the same moment - shouting, "Oh, Mama, did you see baby walking to you! He walked all alone!"

How dear to memory are the first words of babyhood! Usually Papa, Mama, sister, brother - love.

Now I am trying to help this baby repeat a sentence - "God is love." It is a little too much for him. He looks bewildered. Then he looks up into my face and says, 'ove Mama! I'll never forget that 'ove Mama. What Mother would?

We discover that a baby boy is best pleased with playthings

he can take apart and readjust according to his own ideas. So we give him material - and do not tell him how much we grow as we watch him grow.

"1906"

Here is a picture dated 1906. In my effort to "See something beautiful every day" - I am looking at this. My beloved and I are having our first long journey together.

We have spent two days in New Orleans. Visited the church said to be the oldest in North America. Groups of small statues under each window. All these together tell the whole story of our Christ - from the manger to the cross.

We climb up the steep dike of the Mississippi River. Take a steamboat across the river - and get an interesting view of the city and surrounding country. All a new observation for us.

We see some colored women - A large iron kettle, over an out of door fire. We hear the women laugh and talk - actually hanging their newly washed clothes upon the bushes.

This reminds me of a story I had heard in my childhood. Something about, "When the bushes begin to break,
Hang them on the negroes back."

Now we are taking the Southern Pacific R. R. for Los Angeles.

A delightful journey. We meet many interesting people en route. We are ferried across the broad river. Passing through Texas we see many oil wells. Farther on - we cross a high bridge. We are invited to walk if we choose. Many of the passengers "choose" - We among them. The train is taken across

in two sections. The chasm is deep. This is our first view of a Rocky Mountain river.

About two days later - a delightful fragrance comes into our car window. What can it be? Oh, a large orchard of almond trees in blossom! Looks like cherry blossoms - only more pink.

And this is California! Where the people never grow old! And here is Los Angeles. Mr. Severson, our long time Milwaukee friend is here, at the station to meet us.

We go with him to the Hillcrest Apartment Hotel, where he and Mrs. Severson are located. And we are so fortunate as to find heated rooms on the same floor.

Mrs. Severson and I visit, while our two men go out to a park - where Wisconsin day is being celebrated by the tourists who represent it. Mr. Severson reports, in an amusing way - how he had to hold Dr. Colman's hat, after he was discovered and called out. Mrs. Severson is at liberty to be our companion and guide on many of our sight-seeing trips. We quite depend upon her suggestions.

One bright morning we take a steamer for Cataline island. We spend two nights and a day there. We ride in a public conveyance over the rocky hill top of the Island - see many inviting little cottages for summer resorters.

In the calm afternoon we go out in a glass bottomed row boat. Where we can see the wonderful colors of the bottom of the sea. In this locality - our boatman says - it is about 70 feet. The shells and sea plants and gliding little fish, and sunshine reflected give the appearance of a sunken flower garden - marvelously beautiful.

A few yards back of our boat - we are followed by a large sea animal. It looks more like a large dog than a fish.

Our boatman seems to have him under control. Calls him "Joe" - commands him as though he were a dog. Says he is a kind of seal that spends the winter months here.

It is now after dinner. The tourists have gathered on the shore to watch the feeding of the seal. The caretaker holds up a little fish - seal still in deep water, barks and opens wide his mouth for the fish. The caretaker says, "No, you will have to come on shore to get the fish." He comes nearer - into more shallow water, opens his mouth again. No fish yet! Clumsy animal rolls from side to side - working his muscles (no visible feet) - Reaches the sandy beach. Gets his fish in a wide open mouth. The audience cheers.

Now it is morning. We are on the upper deck of our steamer - returning to Los Angeles.

Looking down upon a calm sea and a group of young men, showing their diving.

They call to us, "Throw in a silver coin near us and we will catch it before it reaches the bottom of the sea.

The game grows very exciting. A number of silver pieces go shimmering down through the sunshine and a few feet into the sea before they are caught. I do not think one missed being rescued.

And here I see ourselves in Santa Ana, California. We are here in the house of our Lawrence college classmate, Justin Copeland. His sister, Olive Copeland Lay, who graduated in the third class at Lawrence, came with us from Los Angeles.

We are invited to visit a day here and then go with the Copeland's to their summer home on the sea shore, to spend a week.

Justin Copeland has become a prosperous fruit grower. He takes us in his carriage (automobiles are not yet) to see his groves of oranges and walnuts.

I am told to help myself to oranges, as we pass near the loaded branches.

I find this is a joke, as I grasp a tempting orange. I discover that I am about as likely to be dislocated as the orange, if I continue my hold. I express my thanks for Walnuts we received from them before we left home. And wonder how they get the meats out whole. Mrs. Copeland invites me into the

kitchen to see how she does it. She strikes one end of the nut with a quick blow of her little hammer. The shell drops in halves and the meat is whole. I do not succeed in my efforts as she does.

This week on the Pacific Coast will always be remembered with pleasure. We are about twenty miles south of Long Beach. The tidal wave comes in every night - within about fifty feet from the door of the room where we sleep.

When I dress in the morning, I find my clothes, that have been hanging up all night, are damp.

There must be some redeeming quality in salt water. I do not take cold.

About a block north of us - on the beach - is an old pier, about ten or fifteen feet high when the tide is out.

The fishermen put their nets out at night to catch their fish. In the morning they bring in their fish and make a fish market of the underside of this old pier. When we visit it - we are reminded of some offensive slaughter house.

Fish of all kinds and sizes - apparently - dressed and hanging up - ready for eager customers on the beach.

All sorts of debris on the ground. I think this must be an unhealthy place - so near these summer houses. I am pleased

to be assured that the incoming tide is a good housekeeper. Gives the whole place a thorough washing every day.

In this picture I see my good friend - Mrs. Severson, urging us to go up Mount Low.

The climb of the electric car looks a little dangerous in some places - But the wonderful view is worth the venture.

We yield to her suggestion and have a delightful experience - our car keeping on the winding road up the mountain side. At times it seems as though the outer wheels were just riding on air. It is wise here as elsewhere to look up and not down.

This is a perfect day. To the east I see the glimmering of our great telescope on Mount Wilson. The Pacific Ocean reflects the glory of the sunshine. The world looks beautiful from this high point of view. At the base of this mountain we see a field of Calla lilies.

Now we are packing our trunk for our homeward journey - via San Francisco, where we are invited to visit John Mc Mullen and family. He is a graduate of the third class at Lawrence. We spend a night at Santa Barbara. Here we are in a good hotel - near the R. R. station. We meet here some old acquaintances from Beloit, Wisconsin - also our nephew, Harry Colman and his wife from La Crosse, Wisconsin. We have been seeing them frequently of late - in Pasadena. Together we make a "Wisconsin

dinner party."

We retire soon - I awake early. A strong wind is coming in at my window. Also I feel a jar and hear a strange rumbling sound. How the Californian's would disrespect me if they knew I was fearing an earthquake! We are so near the railroad station that we doubtless feel the jar of the moving train.

At breakfast we visit again - No reference to any unusual occurrence. As our train for San Francisco does not start from here until eleven o'clock - we take a street car - and go out, about three miles to an old Catholic Mission, which we have heard much about.

A Father - in his long robe, sandals on his bare feet - meets us very graciously, on a long porch - in front of an annex that leads to the church, at the west end. As we enter the chapel we read a note of instruction, "No one to speak aloud!" Our guide walks the length of the aisle - kneels at the altar rail a few moments before he speaks to us - I think we each felt like following his example - The dim light and the time-honored paintings looking down upon us. We are told this this church has been wrecked three times in the past hundred years by earthquakes. Several priests were killed. He shows their graves near the church. Tells us that three times the entrance and the steeple has been wrecked by earthquakes - and that corner of the building is solid stone - No entrance there.

We make our contribution which seems satisfactory. We see a lone woman coming from the car we intend to take. We tell her we will wait on the porch for her to see the mission. She much appreciates our offer - tourists learn to appreciate little favors.

Later she tells us she is alone, because her son - who is with her at the hotel - is not well.

This picture shows us leaving the hotel for the eleven o'clock train to San Francisco.

As the porter comes to get our baggage, he remarks, "We had quite a quake this morning." I ask, "Did we have an earthquake?" "Oh, yes - It stopped the clock in the lobby."

We are now on our train. Two men whom we have not seen since we were students at Lawrence - recognize us.

One - hearing of a serious earthquake in San Francisco - has tried to get some information by telegraph but failing in his efforts - is now going to San Francisco to look after some of his property interests there. The other man has a daughter in her first year at Stanford University. He is unable to get a telegram from her - So he is going to see what has happened.

Our train moves rather slowly - Meets no train coming south - No telegrams received. We pass through several tunnels - very slowly. Early evening - we arrive at Salinas.

We find the bridge across the Salinus river shaken down. Our train can go no further.

The tourist we met at the Mission this morning is already a friend. She tells us she is Mrs. North of Boston. She and her husband have recently returned from a trip abroad. She tells us, "During our absence our son had all the responsibility of his father's business. When we returned we found him so tired that he seemed near a nervous breakdown. We think a change of climate and rest is needed - So I came with him to Los Angeles, en route, up the Pacific coast, to Seattle."

Now my husband and Mr. North have left Mrs. North and me in the car, while they have gone out to see if they can find hotel accommodations for the night. (We are in a day coach).

Soon they return reporting, "We found the ceiling down in the hotel - Guess we better stay where we are."

Mrs. North and I discover something like a couch in the rear of the car. We go there, unbutton our shoes and try to make ourselves comfortable. I am all the time admiring the spirit of this new acquaintance.

Suddenly my beloved appears, saying, "Come, quickly! They have made up a chair car to take us right back to Los Angeles. "Lets go." Mrs. North thinks we are taking great risks in going over the road we have come today.

I did not say that I feared that what was further on might be more dangerous. I did say I feel so uncertain about what is best, I will make no objection to what my husband suggests.

We exchange home addresses - promising to inform each other of the outcome of our adventure.

In this picture I see ourselves on our way back to Los Angeles. We left Salinas about eleven o'clock P. M. In our car is a woman who says she is seventy three years old. With her are two young women - her grand daughters.

The grand daughters drop to sleep - exhausted. The grandmother sits erect - telling her experience in the earthquake to us a group of eager listeners.

She is evidently a woman of means. Lives in New York City - Is in the habit of spending the winters in California.

At the time of the earthquake they were in the Palace Hotel - occupying two rooms, with connecting bathroom. Waking about five A. M. and unable to sleep any more - She got up, took a bath, lay down on her bed again - looking up saw cracks all around the edge of the ceiling. With difficulty she aroused her two sleeping girls - Hurried all her especial valuables into one bag. She heard the porter shouting through the halls, "Open every door! Stand in the door way!" This would be a protection against falling ceilings.

A few minutes later an awful shout came up through the halls, "Clear the building - It is on fire!!" Earthquake has cut off water supply.

In their haste to get out, Grandmother and grand-daughters are separated - lost in the crowd for awhile.

Grandmother pays the price to a man with a car to get them out of the city limits. He takes them to Salinus - And here she is telling us this story!

We feel anxious for Mrs. North and her son. Glad we are on our way to Los Angeles.

Men with lanterns go ahead of us through the tunnels. Here we are in Los Angeles again. I shall never forget the crowd of people at the station - eager for news about the earthquake. A train load of provisions is now on the way to San Francisco. Bakers on the train making the bread as they go.

I go to a hotel room that we left two days ago - find it still unoccupied. Other guests seeing me return - rush in to get my story. While I am talking - we each feel a quake tremor.

My companion is at the railroad office to get transportation on another railroad to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. We decide to take a recently completed railroad to Salt Lake City, Utah. Again our friends, the Seversons, see us make another departure - with many good wishes for a safe journey.

Our time table indicates a number of stopping places on this new route. I am eager to see these new stations. At our first stop - just one woman - with a babe in her arms, comes from a little cabin. (Only suggestion of a house that I have seen for a long distance) She is handed some mail. Men working in mines - their wives living in isolated homes like this.

I am told that many of them lose their mental equilibrium. I do not wonder.

We arrive duly in the Mormon city. Are comfortably settled for two days in a good hotel. The first impression is very good - Grounds well laid out - Gardens beautiful.

We go to a musical entertainment in the great Auditorium. Hear the far-famed organ - and voices to its accompaniment, but do not see the singers. We are told later that they have some kind of a victrola attachment.

The next day we are permitted with the aid of a guide to visit the oblong, rotunda auditorium.

The guide tells us that no human architect planned it. He goes back a little in the ancient history of Salt Lake City - in the eighteen forties-fifties. The plans of this building were dropped down out of the heavens.

I ventured to say that some musician must have had some-

thing to do with the building of your wonderful organ - "Oh, no! The builders had never even seen an organ. They just followed the plans dropped down to Joseph Smith."

Our guide - a man seventy years old - perhaps - seems as simple and sincere as a child talking of Santa Claus.

We are here to see and not to appear critical. I would not have been surprised if I had heard a whispered "O pshaw!"

This picture shows the upward trend of the railroad to the top of the mountains - before we reach Denver, Colorado.

Wonderful scenery! Just now I see a very large, well outlined white cross. It has been laid upon the dark rocky side of a high mountain. What can it be?

Later, I am told - that this is always visible, when the mountain is not covered with snow. Surely, it does not look like something that just happened to be. I am also told that two wide, deep cracks in the rocks - when filled with snow - make the cross.

Now we are hastening upward. What does this mean? The waters that were running to the west have turned to the east! We must have crossed "The Great Devide!" Now we are speeding down a mountain chasm.

Something looks like a foot bridge - suspended, high above

us, but not near the top. No possible landing at either end!

I am told that this is the support of a suspension bridge that our cars have just crossed.

I was anticipating the thrill of this crossing, but looking at the high walls of various colored rock - I missed the bridge.

Now we are in Denver, Colorado - Meeting some dear old friends from Wisconsin. The Mc Faddens' urge us to spend a few days with them.

We accept their invitation and greatly enjoy their home in Denver. Also an invitation from Dr. Mason - residing in Boulder.

He was the second President of Lawrence College. In eighteen sixty - September twentieth - officiated at our wedding - Forty six years ago! How time flies! While we are looking at a picture it begins to grow old!

Dr. Mason is now ninety years old! How must it seem to be in one's second childhood! This picture of a day in Boulder with Dr. Mason and his family - is kept among our treasures.

This picture shows that we have come down from the mountains. We are spending a day with Mr. and Mrs. Hyde - old time friends in Milwaukee.

Westward-Ho! Is always on the air. We seldom hear of any one moving East. The West - like the budding plant, is always full of promise.

We spend two days with daughter Anna and her husband, in Omaha. Again they are hearing the call of the West. "Seattle" is on the air this time. "Transportation is made so easy now, you will not mind coming to see us often," they said.

They received our telegram assuring them that we were safe, before they had heard of the disastrous earthquake. So they were not tempted to borrow trouble, as I was fearing they might not hearing from us promptly.

This is an interesting picture. Home again! What do we see standing in our dining room! Our trunk that we had checked to San Francisco. We doubted our ever seeing it again.

My memory pictures of the garments I would like - and of those I must have - and of those I must do without - are immediately thrown into the waste basket.

Here is my promised letter from Mrs. North of Boston, now in Seattle.

This is the story she tells: "The morning after you left us, my son told me there were some beams of the wrecked bridge still reaching across the river. By looking up and not down he thought we might safely cross to the other side and get a R. R.

train that soon leaves for San Francisco.

We made the venture, and by noon we were in Oakland, California, just across the river from San Francisco.

Crowds of people every where. Every hotel and rooming place occupied. I had to be thankful for floor space to stand or sit on at the depot.

My son said he wanted to go out and get a view of the real situation. It seemed a long time to me. When he returned he had a heart breaking story to tell - So much bereavement and suffering. He said, "I have emptied my pockets - I could not help it - We will have to go on to Seattle as the other refugees go."

Telephone requests have been sent to stations where we will stop en route to Seattle - Asking that food would be contributed for passengers who were victims of the earthquake. We had to be counted in this class. The people appealed to responded very generously.

The most wonderful news I have to tell you is this: My son arrived in Seattle - A well man. In his anxiety for others he forgot himself. His uncle says this is not an unusual experience in nervous breakdowns. With restored health he is ready to go back to business.

I can give Mrs. North a cheerful response, "All is well that ends well."

This picture brings back a dear old memory. In Milwaukee, April 1909 - I am lying on my bed - recovering from a brief illness.

Dr. Schell is making her first call. She is to decide whether it is wise for me to take the trip over the mountains to Seattle - as we have hoped to do. I can almost see Dr. Schell's assuring smile, when she says, "I think you will soon be ready for the journey to Seattle."

Now I can see how comfortably we are settled in a car going over the Canadian R. R. for Vancouver. We are speeding over the mountains - along the edge of a rapidly flowing river. Wonderful Cascades on the opposite bank.

Now we are nearing Vancouver. This city was far away, when I first saw it mentioned in my geography.

We are now settled in a good hotel - to meet an old time friend and spend the Sabbath here.

Sunday morning - I step out in the hall. Whom do I see coming up in the elevator and stopping on our floor? Henry Pennock! Our responsibilities are over. A part of our family has met us. We have a carriage to take us sight seeing - in the city and especially in the wonderful park.

Monday morning - at the boat landing we are walking up an inclined platform - to take our steamer for Seattle. A

Canadian officer on either side is shouting to us, "Mind your 'eads." We obey.

And now - on board ship - we are getting a far view that is entrancing. We stop at Victoria an hour or so. I remember Howard's saying, "You probably will never visit England - so you would do well to stop at Victoria - which is more English than England itself."

We are much interested in what we see and hear in this English city.

Now we have arrived in Seattle. Daughter Anna and little nine year old Colman, meet us. They take us in another boat - across the Sound to their summer home on Bainbridge Island.

Beautiful location - Mt. Rainier in the distance to the Southeast - reflecting the setting sun - looks like a mountain of pearls!

It is our good fortune to be here just at the time that the third, "World's Fair" is being put on - and located here. Taking a morning boat - we go to Seattle. Spend as much time as we choose at the exhibition, which is very interesting and seems to have valuable exhibits in every department.

When daughter and I are weary - we take a double seated wheel - chair.

College students on their summer vacation - earn their way - in part - and see the Fair, by acting as guides and pushing wheel chairs for those who wish them. We are told that Japanese furnish the chairs - but do not choose to run them.

As usual, the time for our visit slips by too soon. We keep our dear memories - but cannot delay the time for our journeying home. I am sure the west will not seem so far away hereafter.

We return on the Northern Pacific Railroad. Stop three days at the Yellowstone National Park.

The word beauty does not apply to this park. Aweinspiring is the word I use. There is the blue sky and the sunshine - and the mountain scenery.

But nature's great work shop in the under world is what fixes our attention. Some mighty forces must be at work in perfect harmony beneath the surface. There must be a vast storehouse of fire and water that has lasted through the centuries - for aught we know. Yet the secret of its operations has never been revealed.

I often think - not only do the "Heaven's above" but the wonders of the "earth beneath" declare the glory of God!

We discover that our guide enjoys giving the tourists an

extra shock occasionally.

He is taking us in a carriage drawn by a span of horses, over a mountain road. I notice that for a short distance we are riding over a space that strangely resounds - almost like a base drum. I inquire, "What is that?" Guide replies, "Crust pretty thin. Probably will break through some time." As we are not returning on this road, I do not meditate long upon the possibilities here.

Wild animals in this park are all friendly - because no one is allowed to hurt them.

A bear crossed the road in front of us - far more unconcerned than we were.

No one wants to miss seeing the Grand Canyon - the deep Chasm - on the east border of Yellowstone Park - The angular rocky sides, reflecting all the colors of the rainbow. Bright orange, red, purple - in various hues. On the high bank a forest of evergreen trees.

I have always thought that Niagara Falls must be the wonder of the world. This Grand Canyon far surpasses any other Falls I have seen - in what it is and in what it suggests.

Here is another picture, showing an epoch in our lives: Fifty one years of continued pastoral service is completed by our beloved. Retirement from active service, in any chosen

life work seems to be a very difficult task.

Fortunate are they who can pick up and enjoy the lighter tasks that seem adapted to their strength. Especially if in addition to these they have diversions furnished them by their children and grandchildren. Such as they could appreciate - though never anticipate.

I have seen so many old people have "one chair" and stick to it. Friends drop in for a little visit. The first remark is, "Is this your chair - or this?"

This makes me shy of a coming time when the mind will have one thought and stick to it. But, this picture suggests much more than I have mentioned.

When we were in California, I heard Florida lightly spoken of as a "winter resort" - season too short - oranges not as good as ours.

Some of our friends like Florida very much. We are pleased to have three months here with them.

We go directly to St. Petersburg - which is pleasantly situated. We see the sun rise over Tampa Bay, and over the Gulf of Mexico is the sunset view.

Our hotel has rooms for its guests - no heat - we must go out for our meals. When I asked for a room with a bath - I get a look which seemed to say, "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

Near by is a park - provided with seats and opportunities for games. A variety of things for women and children. Horse shoes seem to be the main diversion for the men.

The warm sunshine is satisfying to us all. Dr. and Mrs. John, long time friends, are with us.

We go to Tampa - an interesting little city at the head of Tampa Bay. We are entertained by Wisconsin friends - now residing here.

Now it is April first, nineteen hundred and ten. It is getting too warm here.

"1910"

We four take a train for the Atlantic Coast. We do not leave Florida without taking a view of its time-honored city - and taking a sip from its "fountain of youth" - though it is rather late in our day for us to hope for any good results.

We hasten on and spend the Sabbath in Jacksonville. Dr. John is to preach there. We would love to linger awhile longer among the antiquities of Saint Augustine.

We find Jacksonville to be quite a beautiful city - Many fine buildings - Wonderful parks, live oak trees, shrubs and flowers in abundance.

We are taken to the ostrich farm - and to see an alligator one hundred years old - and still alive. I do not know how all of its birthdays have been celebrated. It seems to be sleeping most of the time - A monster about twenty feet long - Must be an aristocrat in his class.

We visit a mission school for colored people. It is a well equipped school. We sit on the rostrum in the assembly room - look upon about three hundred, intelligent, dark faces and large black eyes. A few, who look rather indifferent and feeble minded, were not real black in eyes or complexion - Just faded out and hopeless!

In this memory picture I am seeing us four in Savannah, Georgia. We see many things of interest.

One is a plaque on a church door, which says, John Wesley stood on this ground and preached in 1735. I note this because I was born in 1835, only one hundred years later - but I missed seeing him.

John and Charles Wesley, remained in this country only one year, then returned to England.

These southern cities are well laid out and made beautiful with live oaks and other trees, shrubs and a variety of flowers.

The cemeteries are carefully kept. We see in one cemetery - a grave that has in place of a head stone - the head board of a bedstead, of some fine hard wood, that is still well preserved through the storms of many years.

The story we are told is this: No more marble can be imported for some time, and this is regarded as a worthy substitute.

A well kept cemetery suggests a precious memory - looking forward as well as backward.

This picture shows that we have arrived in Charleston, South Carolina. Changing the name Charlestown to Charleston took nothing from the fame of this seaport City. It seems farther from the ocean than I had anticipated. We see in the distance the Island where Fort Sumter is located.

We heard much of this during the civil war. This beautiful City does not look as though it ever had a war or an earthquake or a fire. Even the cemeteries look like beautiful flower gardens.

We stand in the entrance to the steeple of Saint Michael's Church - and hear the story of its being built in 1752 - A fine sample of colonial architecture. We also hear how near it came to destruction by fire. This story is vividly told by Mrs. Mary Phinney Stansbury, a Lawrence College graduate.

I have the story in my possession and copy it as a part of the picture I am seeing now.

"HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S."

So you beg for a story, my darling, my brown-eyed Leopold,
And you, Alice, with face like morning and curling locks
 of gold;
Then come, if you will, and listen, - stand close beside
 my knee --
To the tale of a southern City--proud Charleston by the
 Sea.

It was long ago, my children, ere ever the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumter had wakened the North as one,
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their
 hearts' desire.

On the roofs and the glittering turrets, that night, as the
 sun went down
That Mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jeweled crown,
And bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their
 eyes
They saw the pride of the city -- the spire of St. Michael's
 rise.

The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light,
The children prayed at their bed-sides as you will pray
 tonight;
The noise of buyers and sellers from the busy mart was gone
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow, the city slumbered on.

But, another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street,
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of tramping feet;
Men stared in each others faces through mingled fire and
 smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing, clamorous stroke on
 stroke.

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree houseless mother fled,
With the babe she pressed to her bosom shrieking in name-
 less dread;
While the fire-king's wild battalions scaled wall and cap-
 stone high,
And planted their flaring banners against an inky sky.

From the death that raged behind them, and the crash of ruin
 loud,
To the great square of the city, were driven the surging
 crowd;
Where yet, firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery
 flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger, the Church of St. Michael's
 stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail, -
A cry of horror, blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching wings up-driven, a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from a thousand
whitening lips;
Far out on the lurid harbor, they watched it from the ships,
A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-wisp to a steady beacon
grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right
hand,
For the love of the periled city, plucks down yon burning
brand!"
So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard;
But they looked each one at his fellow, and no man spoke a
word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the
sky,
Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy spire with his
eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible sicken-
ing height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his vein at
the sight?

But see! He has stepped on the railing; he climbs with his
feet and his hands,
And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him,
he stands;

Now once, and once only, they cheer him, -- a single, tem-
pestuous breath, -
And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush like the
stillness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of
the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of
the spire.
He stops! Will he fall? Lo! for answer, a gleam like a
meteor's track,
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand
lies shattered and black.

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering
air:
At the church-door mayor and council wait with their feet
on the stair;
And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his
hand, --
The unknown saviour, whose daring could compass a deed so
grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while they gaze?
And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze?
He stood in the gate of the temple he had periled his life
to save;
And the face of the hero, my children, was the sable face
of a slave!

With folded arms he was speaking, in tones that were clear,
not loud,
And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burned into the eyes
of the crowd: -
"You may keep your gold: I scorn it! - but answer me -- ye
who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a man?"

He stepped but a short space backward; and from all the
women and men
There were only sobs for answer; and the mayor called for a
pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran;
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door,
a man.

This next picture shows us four have moved on up and up to Richmond - Capitol of Virginia - Like ancient Rome - built on seven hills, or more.

Going up one street - we are reminded of the "Hall of Fame."

So many statues are seen of noted men of the South - conspicuously mounted.

The Capitol attracts my attention. Here we see a statue of George Washington - only one ever made from a life-mask. We are told that President Washington refused to go through the torture of having another mask made.

The artist was a Frenchman, and this was made especially for Richmond - So Washington, D. C. has only a very good copy of this.

I persuade my companion to stand beside this statue while I study the points of resemblance in the two faces. Children in different localities have spoken of the pastor as looking like George Washington.

One boy told his mother, "The new pastor looks like the man on the postage stamp!"

While in Washington, D. C. we were riding down a hill - two little children were trying to draw a third child up the hill. It seemed quite a difficult task - so the observer, leaning

forward, called out, "Can't you make it?" Not expecting us to hear, evidently, the leader called back to the others, "That was Uncle Sam!"

As I look at the two faces so near together - I see more resemblances than I had anticipated. The same firm chin, complexion much the same, stature not perceptibly differing - A look of understanding that a child appreciates.

We visit Hollywood cemetery. We see the graves of James Munroe and John Tyler - Jefferson Davis and the members of his family - wife and children.

We are amazed at the pyramid of stone - forty feet square at the base - ninety feet high. A memorial to memory of hundreds of soldiers who had given their lives for others.

We attend St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Sunday. We see the plaque on Jefferson Davis's pew, where he was sitting on the second day of April, 1865 - when a message came that General Lee had surrendered to General Grant.

All wars leave a sad experience that can never be forgotten on either side.

We are interested in St. John's Episcopal Church, built in 1740.

A place is marked, near a window, at the right of the pulpit -

where Patrick Henry stood when he ended his remarkable speech by shouting, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Every picture I turn revives some old memory. Now we are in Washington, D. C. at the Gordon Hotel - two blocks north of the "White House" - April, 1910.

Some old Lawrence College friends come in to spend the evening with us - Later, we visit their home.

Now we visit with Cousin James Colman and his family. They take us in their car, sight-seeing about the city. There are only a very few automobiles to be seen here.

Now, we are in the Capitol. We listen awhile to the proceedings in the Senate. We spend a little time in the Hall of Statuary - We recognize the copy of the George Washington statue in Richmond - most conspicuously located.

A face familiar to us is seen in the statue of Francis Willard. The volumes in the Library are wonderful to look at en masse - How we would like to have a store of the knowledge they contain at our command!

We are spending some time in the Supreme Court room. The coming in of the twelve Justices in due form is impressively formal.

Two of them seem alert to business - The others look as

though they were sleeping - Meditating often takes on this look.

We are especially invited to attend the commencement exercises of the Gen. Otto Howard College for colored students - Coeducational.

Andrew Carnegie is to be there at the opening of the Library - he presents to this college.

We two arrive duly and are seated on the platform - a little back of the speakers.

We look down upon an audience of about twelve hundred - well dressed - intelligent looking young people.

The graduating class - in caps and gowns - are doing as other graduates do.

One young woman of the class, stands before the players and singers - beating time, as the program announces music between the speeches.

I can almost see and hear Mr. Carnegie as he addresses these young people. He speaks very earnestly of the importance of forming the habit of good reading while we are young. "I did not do it - I had to get out and earn money to buy a library for you," he said. This statement brought on an applause for the speaker.

Andrew Carnegie is as much under size as President Taft is

beyond normal size.

As I sit a little back of President Taft on this occasion - I can not help wondering if I ever saw such a breadth of broad-cloth covering two shoulders before.

I recall what the President said about the "value of the library to me - I could not do my work without it. I am often called upon to make a speech on subjects that I know nothing about - I immediately call a librarian - tell him to find every thing he can, within a given time - Then I take notes on what he has and make my speech."

At the close of this program we are all invited to the opening of the new Library - only a short distance away.

Lawrence College has a "Carnegie Library Building" of which we are very proud.

This picture brings back a pleasant memory: A nephew of ours is visiting in Washington also - He accompanies us on our day of observation.

First we stop at Arlington Cemetery. The far view of sight and mind holds us here for some time in silence - We have known some whose forms were laid here.

We move on to Alexandria - Visit the Episcopal Church here - Sit in the pew where George and Martha Washington used to sit -

Their names are here yet.

There is a cemetery close to this church. Epitaphs are lengthy - almost cover the marble slab. The longest one I read told of the illness and departure of an infant who lived only twenty four hours!

Now we are at Mount Vernon - Seeing the home we have always heard about. How George Washington's great grandfather first owned the property here.

The home and its furnishings - even the beds like those they slept on - the rooms in which their last breaths were taken - are shown us. Even the old carriage - that they used to ride in is still to be seen - not moved.

The long handled cooking utensils that were necessary before stoves were made - are still to be seen in the well kept kitchen.

I can not see that we, of this present day, have made any advance in order and neatness - in our housekeeping.

We walk down the slope of the mansion grounds to the south-west - a few rods - to the mausoleum of George and Martha Washington.

I notice that one of the talons has been removed from the foot of the marble Eagle that is spread over the grave of George Washington.

The caretaker says, "It is evident that some souvenir hunter had climbed over the door of iron bars - had gotten thru a space about a foot wide at the top." This is now filled up with bars of iron.

We stand on the front porch - that is just like the pictures we have so often seen of the Mount Vernon home - situated on the high bank of the Potomac River. From this bank we get a far - wonderful view.

Returning to the Capitol - we enjoy a steamboat ride on this river.

Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, has two daughters visiting him. He invites us to be his guests, also at an informal reception the President gives to the Senators and their friends - in his office.

Quite a company gather in the ante-room of the office. We hear the call, "Senator Stephenson - Wisconsin!" The Senator leads the way. Dr. and Mrs. Colman, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, are introduced to the smiling President Taft, especially when he says, "Dr. Colman, how do you folks in Wisconsin, get along with this Isaac Stephenson?" The reply is, "Oh, we manage him on the Board of Trustees of Lawrence College.

A hearty laugh from President Taft is quite contagious - everybody smiles.

Now with the senator's daughters - we are being shown through the White House.

We see the East room, the large reception room - where so many notable events have occurred. I remember - just now - the wedding of President and Mrs. Grover Cleveland. I am now especially interested while passing through the lower hall - where there is a china closet for each President's wife. It begins with the beautiful china of Martha Washington, a fine portrait of herself - just above this closet. Each succeeding mistress of the White House has her cabinet of china and her portrait in this row. A worthy memorial.

Our being included as guests with the Senator's daughters, gives us a little wider view of the Mansion than usual.

We see the State Dining Room and the Red Room - where there are large portraits of George and Martha Washington - and other pictures of interest.

Here is another picture that somehow has gotten misplaced, but is very suggestive of a day we spent on what is remembered as a "battle-field" - about fifty miles South of Richmond, Virginia, near Petersburg.

This brings back the memory of an event that thrilled our entire country - North and South - East and West.

A guide is showing us about - telling us what happened here

and there - How the supplies on the James River for the confederate army were held back and other difficult situations for the confederates created - until General Lee surrendered to General Grant.

The Civil War is ended! The freedom of the black man is secured - The price is the breaking up of a multitude of homes on both sides - A strange commingling of sorrow and hope. We cheer ourselves by thinking, "All is well that ends well."

This picture reminds me that we have decided to travel home on a railroad running near the south bank of the Ohio River.

Now we are speeding on. We are missing some wonderful scenery in West Virginia - by traveling in the night. As the day dawns - we are not far from the on-going - seemingly resolute Ohio River. It is bearing on its current a variety of nautical equipments, rafts, small boats - long, narrow steam boats. The banks and the landscape are very interesting in these late April days.

We are nearing Cincinnati. What! Does this crowd of people expect to find - even standing room in our car! Oh, they are just waiting for us to move on - evidently, they are equipped for a picnic.

The women have on sun bonnets - such as I remember seeing when I was a little girl - and calico dresses - none too short. I wonder if some of the children have neither shoes or stockings!

They have baskets and bundles. I can imagine the good time they are having.

We have crossed the Ohio River. We are now in Cincinnati at a railroad station - to wait here two hours before we move on to Chicago.

An old time friend - pastor of a church here - meets us for a little visit.

Telling how business has prospered - says, "Our residential district is of necessity moved out some distance. We had a fine, well equipped church, only two blocks from here. Our people, who built this church - gave it to the colored people - with its fine organ and all the other equipments. It is now crowded to over-flowing with these happy people.

Now the two ministers take a walk to see this wonderful gift. I sit here and muse. Is it not always more blessed to give than to receive!

I see myself now unpacking - safely at home again. Life enriched by the experiences and observations of the past three months.

"1912"

Here is a bundle of memory pictures not quite so old as some we have been reviewing.

In this first one, I see myself listening in at the telephone. A familiar voice is saying, "Do you not think it would be well for you to go to California again and avoid our cold winter here?" What should I say! Go back to that "Earthouakey" region again! Even to say "Earthquake" after I arrive - will be construed as showing some disrespect to California.

The voice over the phone says, "Take your maid with you." Now it occurs to me to say, "Possibly Lu can go with us."

A month later - we are again on our journey to California - over the same route we went before.

Our interest springs up anew in repeating this southern trip, because we have Lu with us - She is interested to see what we saw and more, too.

Again we are settled in the St. Charles Hotel, at New Orleans, La. Six years - and what a change in the management! Breakfast room, cafe - in addition to the large dining room! A desirable change when one is anxious to save time.

We hire a carriage and driver to take us on a tour of sight-seeing. We again see the "oldest church" in America. Wonderful grounds for this season of the year - beautiful with shrubs and flowers. A tree of bananas is a surprise - Must be ten or

fifteen feet high - long sheath like leaves - from a group of these, the real fruit stem loaded with bananas, as we have seen them in the market.

Now we must continue our journey to Los Angeles. The call, "All aboard! No crowding!" - is quite familiar. We are pleasantly located to see what we can see!

Our train moves a few miles - and then is ferried across a broad stream. This was a surprise to me on our first trip - Now an anticipation. How much our lives are made up of these two experiences!

Now we are in Texas. At some distance on the left, we see something that attracts our attention. We are told again, that it is a field of oil wells in operation.

On the right there seems to be far stretches of farm lands. Reminds me of how the broad prairies of southern Wisconsin looked to me in my childhood.

Now we are on an up-grade. Here we are in New Mexico. We have a feeling that we are up in the mountains somewhere - Little vegetation - sage brush - white sand - some kind of a palm tree, in full leaf at the top, - at the base, an accumulation of dry leaves. These remind me of a hay stack on my father's farm.

Here another picture shows us on the down slope - entering Arizona. I am informed that Arizona means "snow covered" - We

see an indication of this on the roads we have traveled. But there are white topped mountains in almost every direction.

We must be entering California. Here is a large field of newly planted grape vines. We also catch the fragrance of almond blossoms. The sea breeze is refreshing. We are nearing Los Angeles.

We arrive at the R. R. station. Here again - we are met by our dear friends, the Seversons.

We very soon find ourselves very pleasantly settled in an apartment hotel not far from the one our good friends occupy. We can entertain our friends in quite a home like way. This will be a pleasure, as we have many Wisconsin friends here.

Four sevenths of the first class in Lawrence College in 1857 - are here now. We must celebrate our fifty sixth anniversary of our class in some way.

Mrs. Severson tells us of a fine Summer Hotel on Mt. Washington that is very popular for social festivities at this season of the year.

We, Colmans, two fifths of this Lawrence class, investigate, and find that this hotel will be a fine place for our reunion. We will furnish the dinner.

Now, I see that perfect day - and the twelve of us, as we

surround the beautifully decorated table.

Here is Judge Story, one of our classmates, whom we always looked up to, while in Lawrence - in more ways than one. His daughter and her husband sit near him. Both are artists. The daughter has painted beautiful place cards for this occasion. I am still keeping ours, as a pleasant reminder.

Next is Mr. and Mrs. Justin Copeland and their son, and Olive Copeland Lay - Justins sister. Then next are the Colmans' and their daughter Lu.

I can see now just how merry we all are as we surround this table. The Seversons' are included with our guests of honor. Each one contributes something to the entertainment.

About the time our first course is finished - Justin Copeland remarks, "I suppose you will be rather surprised when I tell you that this is my birthday. Yes, I am seventy seven years old!

This brings a shower of best wishes and hearty congratulations. Meantime, a large - beautifully decorated cake, with candles ablaze, is placed before him. He has his share of the surprise now, which we all enjoy.

After this birthday greeting - we have some extemporary dinner speeches. We have each had some real experiences that were on the sunny side of life - and helped us to grow young again.

We might have continued to grow young had we not engaged a photographer to arrive just now and take our pictures! We form a group on the Hotel Plaza for this picture.

This reunion is a treasure in our memory. I see now how together we take the "Angel Flight" car down the mountain side.

Only fifteen years have passed and now only one seventh of this first class of Lawrence College remains to tell the story. Would that the others could tell us of their clearer visions now!

Here is another Memory Picture: We are a party of four. Mrs. Fanny Allen Wilson - a High School classmate of daughter's - now residing in Los Angeles - is with us.

We have rented a furnished cottage for a week - located upon a high bluff off the Pacific Coast, in a little winter resort, called La Jolla.

The far view of the ocean - and the incoming tides that beat in vain against the high cliff from below us is thrilling. I am the only one who lacks courage to climb down fifty feet to the sandy shore when the tide is out.

Our little attempt at housekeeping reminds me of my young days when a few of us girls would play housekeeping - And up here in this wonderful atmosphere it is restful.

Too soon this week is past - We must pick up our belongings and move on. We are just now startled by what seems to be a cry of distress coming over the ocean. We hasten to the edge of the high bank. A distance out on the ocean something is seen that may be a flat boat with three or four men on it - A wreck - perhaps! Again we hear the wail of distress - We watch anxiously - At last we discover that three or four seals are swimming together and evidently barking like big dogs to each other. In our satisfaction we conclude not to worry any more about these navigators, and hasten to catch our train for San Diego.

Here is a surprise! This is a picture of San Diego - Not the San Diego we saw some years ago. How well I remember my impressions there. We arrive in the evening. Our hotel is very neat and quiet. A few of us tourists meet in the dining room.

The next morning I go out to do a little shopping. Where am I? What day of the week is this? I am on a clean broad street - but it looks like Sunday - Nothing doing - I can cross the street anywhere - Nothing to meet except a few people. I am duly waited upon in a drygoods store. Everything satisfactory - but so quiet.

We go over to Colorado Beach and spend a week there. This is evidently a winter resort for the Middle-West people. We enjoy it all - especially watching the incoming tides of the great Pacific Ocean.

But now this San Diego is like a Middle-West City, crowded

and rushing. Is it true that entertaining the "Worlds Fair" was the cause of all this building and rush of business?

We find that our old time friends have built a new home in another part of the city - that would have been in the country six years ago.

Now daughter and her friend have gone to spend the day at Colorado Beach - to see if they can find what we have been telling them about.

My beloved and I took a train for a hospital a few miles distant - in the foot hills - to see a friend who is taking treatments for tuberculosis. Wonderful things are being done in these days to prolong life.

We four meet in the evening and take our return train to Los Angeles.

This picture shows us back in our Apartment - that has been our home for three months, where we have entertained some of our long time friends, and will have pleasant memories of the days spent here.

The time has come when we must start on our homeward journey, via. Seattle.

This picture shows us spending a little time in Santa Barbara - A very attractive sea-side winter resort. We especially enjoy a drive in the suburbs of the city - showing some fine homes

and their surroundings. One house quite foreign in style attracts our attention. We are told that the door to the front entrance was brought over from France, from some mansion there.

Our next visit for a few days is here in Santa Cruz - in the home of our classmate Judge Story and his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Heath.

Santa Cruz is another attractive sea-side winter resort. We greatly enjoy our rides into the adjoining country - over high hills and low lands covered with trees and shrubs. The great Redwood trees are an astonishment to us. We step inside the hollow Fremont Redwood tree where history says Gen. Fremont housed his thirty men during the severity of Winter. It is interesting to observe that these Redwood trees seem maintain a family circle - Each tree seems to be the center of a circle of six younger trees of the same family - We think that we discover that this forest is made up of circles within a circle. The size of these trees is beyond our imagination. We appreciate this opportunity to see them.

We feel a touch of sadness as we say good-bys to Judge Story. We are quite sure we will not meet again here. He turns repeatedly to wave us another "farewell," as our train moves out.

This next picture shows us landing in Palo Alto. We are told that this name means Redwood - and was given to this place because just one Redwood tree was found growing here.

Here we get a driver and a carriage to take us about a mile to Stanford University. We are wondering if it still shows any damage from the earthquake six years ago - Our driver says he was here at that time - He tells of many thrilling experiences. We think this must be a Spring vacation. So many men are at work. One large building is having an entire new roof. We find men still busy restoring the badly damaged Chapel - Legs and arms and heads of broken statues are scattered on the ground in the rear of the Chapel - It looks as though there is an effort to restore them.

We go through the Art Gallery - Find much of interest. In one part the walls show the effect of the earthquake - Six years after this great disaster it is still plain to see that something very serious has happened. Our driver takes us out upon the wide area of land belonging to the University. Long may Stanford University prosper and educate more than our President Hoover.

This picture shows San Francisco as it is six years after the great earthquake - Not so many marks of the disaster as we anticipated. We visit a friend, who tells us of some interesting tricks of the quake. Some large pictures in her home, swing out and return face to the wall - Much china is broken - A dainty little china cup and saucer on the carpet in the middle of the room not broken - "I had my sewing machine in the attic. A seamstress had been sewing there. A shoe box about three feet long near by. When I went there after the earthquake, I was amazed! The machine was on the box."

We drive up on to the high hill of the city. We get a far view of land and sea - Scenery beautiful.

We are making our home for a few days in a very pleasant hotel in Berkley a short distance from the California University - We enjoy walking on its campus - where there are beautiful flowers and shrubs. The open air Auditorium, on the East side of the main building is the largest we have ever seen.

A few old time friends residing here and in Oakland add much to our visit.

First to greet us are Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, graduates of the Wisconsin University - Wedded a year and a half ago - A beautiful church wedding and Mr. Colman officiating. Our visiting them in California is a pleasing surprise to us. Our Lawrence friend, John Mc Mullen, now a banker in Oakland, and his wife call upon us - take us out in their car to see some views of special interest.

A little unusual occurrence that can work itself into a memory picture. We are with the Mc Mullens in their car, getting a fine view. We leave the car and go up a few steps on to a platform and get a still more wonderful view - As we take the car to return, something has happened! The car refuses to move - Evidently it needs feeding - Being on an incline of an Oakwood hill, the men push the car and we women ride like children in a baby carriage until we reach a filling station - Later the Mc Mullens invite us to a family dinner party to meet their three finely grown up children.

This picture shows us three on the Pacific R. R. train for Seattle.

What a far reach of country this is. Over valleys - foot hills and bridges - spanning a broad river.

Just now I have made a friend in a very unexpected way. Sharing a beautiful bouquet, as farewell gift from Prof. and Mrs. Nichols, with a woman, who seemed to be a lone woman, resulted very happily. This woman walks the length of the car to converse with me. In response to my question, she says she is from Chicago or near there - my home is in Rockford, Illinois. I remark that I have a son living there. "What is his name?" "Howard Colman?" Why Howard and Bertha and the children! I know them all so well.

A two days journey and we see to our right the white cap of Mount Hood and on the left the Capitol of Oregon.

This picture shows us spending a day and night in Portland. The City of Roses.

H. C. calls upon a family, the mother a sister of his close friend - The mother and daughter tell him of their purchase of an Electric Car, that has just been delivered. We are invited to go with them on their first ride - We enjoy a fine view of the city. But we must go to a Park, on the top of a very high hill, "To get a still better view." The road is very narrow and winding, only a small portion of it visible at any one time on account of

trees and shrubs. All is well until on a narrow curve this new car utterly refuses to move. The daughter driving for the first time is doing her best to get started again. H. C. goes back to warn any approaching cars. Fortunately our driver succeeds in touching the key, so the new car picks up and moves on. The view widens as we near the top of the hill - On its top, at our left there is a large platform - with seats for visitors and a protecting roof. On our right we seem to be on the edge of an abyss - hundreds of feet deep - yet we are not near enough for one to make estimates. One glance in silence. We have arrived on the platform. We are amazed at the marvelous views we get of the City of Portland. On one side I see a street car speeding down loaded with passengers. For once I felt that I would prefer a street car to an electric car. I did not give expression to my feelings. When the electric car was turned around - the chasm passed - as we were descending, we were quite enraptured by the wonderful views and the ride with which we had been so graciously favored.

Here is a picture taken in Seattle, Washington, in the home of our Anna.

Our twelve year old grand-son riding a bicycle - climbing trees - or in some other activity when not in school. Boy fashion, he sometimes caused us some real anxiety. Once he goes to the bathroom to take a bath - He has been there a long time - His mother goes to the door - No answer - The door is locked - What has happened, we can get no answer? Grandfather comes in and says, "I just saw him two blocks away, playing ball with several other

boys." This happens now as he returns - He has to climb a tree - creep out on a long branch - then takes a long stride to reach the open bathroom window - then unlocked the door that he forgot to unlock before leaving - and promises not to do just that thing again. Boys will be boys before they are men.

Here is an unusual picture. All the Colman and Pennock relatives in Seattle - celebrate the Fourth of July - taking a steamer for Victoria, B. C. My first absence from my native land for such a celebration. But people are what they are whether here or there.

Victoria is a delightful bit of old England - I am told. It certainly is an interesting place, that cordially welcomes a Yankee invasion for a day. We return in fine spirits. We, at least, can say "We have been abroad."

Daughter Lu has an engagement that takes her back to Milwaukee a few weeks sooner than we must go. She goes on the Great Northern road.

H. C. is now on the retired list. We are trying to learn how to be deliberate - No easy task.

This picture shows us later on the Northern Pacific road. Homeward bound.

In the night on the up grade of the Cascades, we are delayed a long time - We are told that the trouble is with a freight

train in front of us. I cannot help wondering at the courage of the men who built railroads over these mountains and rode on the cars making the first trip.

We have heard Mr. Stephenson, who climbed the mountain peaks - hundreds of feet high - seeking a possible pass for railroad construction - tell of his experience when looking for a pass for the Great Northern railroad. He was talking over the radio. He said, "I walked all night - back and forth - a distance of thirty feet - with a temperature 35 degrees below zero - an altitude of several hundred feet - otherwise I would have frozen to death."

Now we ride in easy coaches over these mountains or through long tunnels - just having a delightful vacation - resting our nerves.

"1914"

This picture shows our second visit to Florida. Daughter Lu is with us.

Scenery in this direction is not so thrilling as the mountain passes to the Pacific Coast.

Two nights and a day and we are landed in Clearwater, Florida, guests for the night of our good friends, Dr. and Mrs. Mc Chesney. We are persuaded to prolong our visit several days.

Then we move on to Saint Petersburg. Here we rent a cheerful apartment - with sunshine and flowers in abundance. We do light housekeeping, go out for our dinners and enjoy the sunny South. We have many pleasant surprises meeting those, who like ourselves are trying to find the "Spring of everlasting youth."

This is a picture of an all day steamer ride down the Coast of Tampa Bay. We land at Bradentown - or near there - at a Winter Resort hotel for our dinner. Here we are surprised to meet our Milwaukee friends, Mr. Pierce and his daughter, Annie Pierce.

Another picture here shows us at Tarpon Springs. A man with a small row boat takes us to a small island where large rolls of sponge are stored and prepared for the market - Quite a new business for our inspection - A piece of sponge as large as a barrel is quite a surprise. And men risk their lives to get it. Honey and the honey comb demand our respect for the group of little bees that make them. Are the makers of sponge other gifted creatures that man borrows from assuming that what he has taken

was designed to be ultimately his?

This pictures the Season advancing. We begin our journey homeward.

Spending three days in Jacksonville, the largest City in Florida - not the oldest.

We look about St. Augustine for antiquities - ancient history.

Jacksonville has many of the enterprises of Northern business cities. Its Alligator Farm sounds like a bit of ancient history. Especially the sleepy old Alligator - said to be nearly two hundred years old. Beautiful flowers, shrubs and trees adorn this city - that is only a short drive from the Atlantic Coast.

This picture of Charleston looks quite familiar to me. We visited here first only four years ago. It is interesting in what it is and in what it has been - In its abundance of shrubs, flowers and trees - In time honored buildings - Fort Sumter in the distance.

This picture I recognize because we saw it first only four years ago. It is the same Charleston, with its wonderful history - and looking seaward we catch another glimpse of Fort Sumter. May there never be another war. Charleston is still a city made beautiful.

Here is another picture. This shows us on a R. R. train going North-West - seemingly an up grade until we reach Columbus, the Capitol City of So. Carolina.

Here we have our anticipated visit with Miss Dhu Owen, a teacher of Music in the Woman's College here. We visit the school, meet the President and have Dhu for our hotel guest where we are very pleasantly located.

A message is received here suggesting that we take a R. R. train for Augusta, Ga. - that a man with a car will meet us at our hotel and take us to see some machinery at work, in a large Cotton Mill. We are delighted to accept this invitation.

This picture brings to mind our first visit in a Cotton Mill. I seem to hear the deafening noise of the machinery and to see so many busy hands employed - some boys and some with grey hair. One sack stands near me. As we watch, the weaver's beam filled with warp in a few minutes. It would take hours to have done this as my grandmother used to do it, by hand, when I was only five years old. This man, standing near me, puts his hand caressingly upon the beam, and shouts to me, "Tell your son he can never improve this - It is just perfect." Another is standing near me. I note a look of paternal gratification.

This picture shows us again in Richmond, Va. Daughter Lu must not miss seeing the places of interest that we saw on our first visit here. That life-size marble statue of George Washington, in the rotunda entrance to the Capitol. And in the

cemetery, the graves of James Munroe and John Tyler and Jefferson Davis and his family. And the high pyramid of stone to mark the resting place of sixteen hundred men fallen in battle. In St. Patrick's Church, again we see where Patrick Henry shouted, "Give me liberty or give me death."

And here is another picture of Washington, D. C.

Not President Taft, but President Wilson occupies the White House now. /

Again we are guests at the Hotel Gordon. Visit with some of our Colman relatives.

Visit several departments of Capitol Buildings - The Senate, Supreme Court, White House, Daughters of the Revolution new building, Alexander's Episcopal Church, where George Washington worshipped, and the mausoleum that has now held his lifeless form 114 years.

We have a little diversion by returning from Mt. Vernon to Washington on the river by steamboat.

"1916"

This is the most wonderful picture stored in the attic of my brain. It shows a home in the upper East Side of Milwaukee, Wisconsin - A home, not a parsonage. We have had fifteen of them. Our share, I am sure.

This is a real home of our own, in which we are to spend the remainder of our lives. I can hardly realize something I never anticipated. The parsonages have each been homey - with some dear associations - birth places of children - dear friendships formed - but not really ours to arrange and furnish as we please, as long as we live. Now in our eighth decade we are happily settled and enjoying this new home. In some respects we feel that we are beginning life all over again. We welcome delightful visits from children and grand-children and our many friends.

"1927"

We enter our nineth decade. This story can never be told.

This picture shows my children doing everything for me. Even my thinking. I am willingly carried along on the wings of their imagination. They imagine me in the care of daughter Lu, our nurse, and Jean Le Beau, our driver, motoring to Boston.

We are aboard a steamboat moving out over Lake Michigan. As the sun goes down we reach the opposite shore. Have a good night's rest. Rise early - speed on across the State - make a short call in Lansing - view the Capitol Building - stop for a luncheon before we reach Detroit, where we take another steamboat for Buffalo. The next morning finds us each feeling as though we had been somewhat rocked "In the cradle of the deep." We land in Buffalo and in our own Cadillac are soon speeding our way on to Niagara Falls.

The Falls are an interesting wonder, just as they were when, as a little girl, holding on to my father's or my mother's hand, I first saw them. Very restfully we spend the night in the Hotel Niagara.

This picture shows us traveling a straight road to Rochester, passing through orchards of fine ripe cherries - We stop occasionally for a box of them - They soon disappear. We stop near Clarkson, the town where I was born, near Brockport where some of my cousins once lived, by the name of Green. Lu is good at investigating. She finds Greens' who are cousins of my cousins. This call is most satisfactory - We occasionally

correspond.

In Rochester we spend a pleasant evening with Mrs. De Voll and daughter - cousins on the Spier-Colman side. This evening finds us at Richfield Springs. The next day we call at Cazinovia Seminary, where Julia Colman graduated, and our dear Mrs. Severson attended.

The first Sunday we spend in Great Barrington, Mass. My Howard thinks the foot hills of this region should be counted among the beautiful scenes of New England. We enjoy this scenery very much and the people we meet - especially those related to Howard's family.

The Sermon, Sabbath morning, took me back to the days of my childhood - when the pastor walked to and fro upon the rostrum, shouting very loud, swinging his arms, not with an air of persuasion but of compulsion. After this service I hear that this is the new pastor - preaching his first sermon for them - and that he has made a very good impression.

This picture shows that our Anna and Henry are now motoring back to Boston, after spending the Sunday with us here in Great Barrington. They expect us to follow them. I have an impression that before we take that trip, it may be very satisfying for me, at least, to visit New Lebanon, about twenty miles North-West from here, where my mother visited her mother and her grandmother, when I was a little girl, and had a fine time staying with my cousin, Hattie Reed, during her absence. Just to find the burial

place of my great-grandparents and to read what may be on their tomb stones - will make a pleasant memory for me.

And here we are, arriving at Lebanon Springs. Daughter goes into some office, inquires if there is anyone now living in this place, who would know anything about Deacon Andrew Hunter, who lived and died in New Lebanon, in 1824. It is suggested to her that there is a Mrs. Louise C. Gillet, residing in New Lebanon, a suburb of Lebanon Springs. Her home is the fourth house on the street, winding up the hillside. We motor as directed. Get a far view of a wonderful landscape. We stop at the fourth house. Mrs. Gillet responds to daughter, "Why yes, Andrew Hunter was my great-grandfather." Daughter replies, "My mother is here in our car. Andrew Hunter was her great-grandfather also. We are cordially invited in. We greet each other as second cousins, though we had never heard of each other before. We have a wonderful brief visit. We find that my grandmother was Andrew Hunter's oldest daughter, and Mrs. Gillet's grandmother the fourth daughter. There were six daughters in the family. My story has already told how I was left with a cousin in Western N. Y., when my mother and her sister went to New Lebanon to visit their mother and their grandmother. Cousin Gillet tells me that I am just where that visit occurred, except that Mr. Gillet built a new house on the old foundation. She shows us a square white stone that was in the original chimney - On this was engraved, "Andrew Hunter, 1765." I ask if she knew of great-grandfather's chair? She replies, "You are sitting on it now." I am not sitting in it long - We are all grouped about this chair, more than one hundred years old, hand made, still in perfect condition and very comfortable.

A large Bible is shown us - As it is opened, we see a large written page, very easily read - This is a deed of the land where we are, signed by the King of England, before the Revolutionary War.

Cousin tells us of a little spoon she has, made out of the hilt of great-grandfather's sword, marked "N.H." on the handle, and I tell her that I have the same. Other things of great interest are hastily observed.

Our program for the day requires us to move on, with sincere regrets that we had not given more time to this visit.

Our reservations for the night are in Springfield, Mass. We can hardly concentrate our minds upon anything but our newly discovered family history, and relatives.

This picture shows a restful night, and sunshine, in this very much awake city of Springfield.

We motor to the North a few miles and get a view of Mt. Holyoke College - the leader in this country on the higher education for women. From here we speed on our way to Boston.

Before the sun-set, this picture shows us motoring on Beacon Street, no "cow path," a beautiful, broad, straight street, and I am seeing Boston for the first time - though I am now in my ninety third year. We stop at an apartment hotel, where Anna and Henry have their headquarters.

We are not far from the "Choate School for Girls," where our Ruth graduated this year, and our Dorothy enters next year. We use my letter of introduction to Miss Choate. It is a great pleasure to meet her and note the interest she takes in her girls who are preparing now for College - especially her interest in our Ruth and Dorothy.

In seeing Boston we get badly tangled in the one-way streets that bring us unexpectedly back to the place we started from - Evidently the early day "Cow Path." Nevertheless we find and see much that interests us. The statue of Bishop Phillip Brooks - Harvard University. Spend Sunday at "Wrights Tavern" and see the home of Louise Alcott - The old cemetery opposite Wrights Tavern - the Emerson Home. With a guide we go on the "Paul Revere Road." Not as he went a hundred and fifty years ago.

We have two days in old Salem. Something not so old first attracts our attention. We are to be guests at the Naimky Cotton Mill, that covers ten acres of ground - I am honored as the mother of the inventor of some wonderful machinery that makes the amount of weaving here possible. Later a wonderful bouquet is brought to me by an Official of the Factory.

This picture shows us getting a far view of the Atlantic Ocean as we motor along this coast. In the evening we visit "The House of Seven Gables." Climb the narrow stairs way to the second floor - See the old piano and large pictures of Hawthorne in the lower room where the fireplace still suggests comfort and inspiration. Later we see the "Old Manor" in Concord. In my

ninety third year I am actually seeing Old-New England. We deeply regret that we have no more time to spend here. We must turn our faces homeward.

This picture shows us on the Mohawk Trail. Motoring westward we had a little view of Wellesley College.

Visited a factory in Framingham, for making of Cotton Mill machinery.

We spend the night at North Adams, not far from Williams College. Have a good night's rest. Are ready for another day's journey.

I have a desire to see Saratoga Springs again - as I had seen them about thirty years before. So we motor to the North after crossing the Hudson River. We arrive in Saratoga Springs about the Noon hour. But what has happened? This is the picture.

The streets are crowded with pedestrians, automobiles and horses, women in gay attire, marvelous shawls and jewels. Looks like some kind of a celebration. We would like a little rest and a luncheon, but the signs on all eating places are in Hebrew. With difficulty we extract ourselves from this mass of Summer Resorters, mostly from N. Y. City.

This picture shows us motoring for an hour or so before we find the luncheon we prefer. As the sun is going down we find ourselves in Utica, N. Y., in a fine hotel, where we have a good

night's rest. On our way here we stopped at Gloversville, an inland City, about fifty miles North-West of Albany - Its business of making all kinds of kid gloves and mittens must have given it its name.

For many decades some members of our Colman family have resided here. In 1890, Henry Colman went from Wisconsin with his father Henry Root Colman, who wished to visit his twin brother, long a resident of Gloversville. The City paper said, "The oldest twins in America, ninety three years old - Henry H. and Hiram Colman have been walking our streets today." And here I am about to celebrate my ninety fourth birthday writing this memory picture for my children and theirs.

We found the old home of the Colmans - They are all gone now. Some one said to us, "Yes, I remember well seeing the ninety three year old twins walking together."

This picture shows a bright Wednesday morning.

We are getting an early start, motoring from Utica to Buffalo - Passing through Seneca Falls, we catch a view of Seneca Lake. Arrive at sundown at the Stattler Hotel in Buffalo - Are pleasantly located in an apartment on the sixteenth floor, South-West corner - Have a far view of Lake Erie. Motoring two hundred and twenty five miles is a new experience for us. After a restful night a new day dawns upon us. We motor across the new Peace Bridge, that is to be dedicated next Sunday.

In Canada we spend a little time in motoring and making observations, assuming that we are now abroad. Returning, before we recross the Peace Bridge, we undergo inspection as to what we may be transporting. The bridge is being very beautifully decorated for its dedication - We are shown the spot where the two countries will clasp hands as this Peace Bridge is dedicated.

This picture shows us at 5 o'clock, including our car, on the Erie steamboat, moving out upon the night journey to Detroit, Michigan - Much of the night we feel that we really are being "rocked in the cradle of the deep." Now it is morning. We are motoring cheerfully out of Detroit towards Chicago. We spend a night in Michigan City, Michigan. Early sunrise finds us again on our homeward journey. At the noon hour we have safely arrived at our "Home Sweet Home." But lonely - He is not here - It can never be the same again.

"1928"

This picture made in 1928, shows me answering a letter from Mrs. Elihu Colman, in which she says, daughter Edna is very tired, we must go to some Summer Resort for a good rest. I am writing, "We have a good Summer Resort right here. Only a short walk from our home to one of the Great Lakes." Two guest rooms in our cozy home, a car and Jean to drive it - We can take you to Fond du Lac occasionally.

Another month has passed - And then comes this reply.

Edna's doctor says she must go to a sea-shore resort for her rest - I am venturing to accept your invitation alone.

This picture shows us meeting her at the R. R. Station here. Then a few days of visiting here, before we take her to Fond du Lac. A week later we take Mrs. Mc Chesney an old time friend with us and motor North - stopping in Fond du Lac for Aunt Elizabeth - These two guests, both born in England, meet now for the first time, but visit like old acquaintances.

We motor on to Green Bay after spending a night in a hotel in Appleton - returning by a meandering country drive through the Oneida Indian Mission. We spend the night in the same place that we did the night before.

I have celebrated my ninety third birthday the twentieth of May last. Am proving myself to be such a good traveler, that I may accompany Aunt Elizabeth when she returns to Seattle. My doctor finds no reason why I may not ride over the Rockies again.

Here is an interesting picture of a day, before we start on our journey to Seattle.

We enjoy a day with Howard's family in their Summer home at Lake Geneva. It happens to be a day of Sail Boat Racing on the Lake. Walter takes us out in a motor boat to watch the racing of twelve or more Sail Boats. We are especially interested in the boat my grand-daughter Ruth is sailing - She seems to be in the lead of the race. A little later the shores of beautiful Lake Geneva resound with applause. Ruth's boat is first, to touch the pier - Her tall brother, who has been driving our motor boat, springs on to the pier - gives his sister a most gracious appreciation of her winning the race.

This picture shows us three, Aunt Elizabeth, Lu and me, comfortably settled in our two compartments on the Milwaukee R. R. for Seattle. Howard came to the Station with us - to see that we are properly adjusted and to say "Good-bye."

It is now one o'clock A.M. We are soon rocked to sleep in "the cradle" of a fast moving train of cars.

An Officer of this Road is a neighbor of Aunt Elizabeth's in Seattle - He telephones to the Conductor of this Road to see that Mrs. Colman is well cared for as she is coming to Milwaukee - Returning to Seattle, the same request, including all the Colmans.

Nearing the Rocky Mountain foot hills - we three go out on

the observation car to get a far view.

Returning through the Parlor Car I am invited to pour the tea, that is served free to passengers who happen to be in this car at this time - For this service I receive the souvenir cup and saucer of the St. Paul Road.

Just as I am leaving this car a woman rises from her seat, saying, "I would like to speak with you - I have heard that there is a woman on this train almost one hundred years old." A little later this same woman calls at my compartment - She says, by way of introducing herself more fully, "I am Mrs. Bishop Maize - I have not always been Mrs. Bishop Maize - My husband was made Bishop in Pennsylvania, two years ago." Some Evangelical Lutheran Church, I think. She gives me her card, "Mrs. Bishop Maize." I must have given her mine, as I received a card from her after my return home, stating, "I am again at home - My husband, being a Bishop, must preach in other places in the West," and added "I hope you will vote for Hoover."

On the third day of our journey we go smoothly down the sunset side of the Cascades, and duly arrive in Seattle - Our loved ones are waiting to greet us. Soon we are settled for a wonderful visit in our Anna's home. So far as I can discover I am none the worse for my journey in my ninety third year.

I am now having the great pleasure of seeing my great-grand children, just like their lovely pictures on the top of my desk, at home - They look surprised at me, as though they were wondering

why I should be called "great."

Little John, not quite four years old, is very attentive in his solicitude for his little sister, Nancy Ann, twenty months old - She is very winsome. I love to watch them playing together - Making their plans and carrying them out. Very obedient to their mother, who cares for them in a very quiet, loving manner.

Family gatherings - frequent rides in the Buick - six weeks have passed so quickly. We must return to our home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. We have pictures taken, showing the four generations of Colmans. The oldest in her tenth decade - The youngest in the first half of the first decade.

It is hard to say "Good-bye" - Our families are together, including dear Aunt Elizabeth and her children, telling their love with flowers and best wishes, as our train moves out on the return journey to the Middle West.

This picture shows us climbing the Western slope of the Cascades. Moving on the edge of a deep ravine, I catch a glimpse of marvelous Autumn colors - Very bright red and yellow foliage. Prettier now in October than it was in August.

The second morning of our journey we find ourselves in the midst of a snow storm - not only on the mountain peaks but upon our train. We are sure of one beautiful snow fall if we do fail to get another in Milwaukee, which is not probable.

This picture shows us nearing Minneapolis. We are not satisfied with the heating systems of our train. The past few hours the heat has been almost unbearable - Open windows bring no relief - There must be some mismanagement somewhere. Oh! Here is the Minneapolis Evening Paper. Temperature here today 90 degrees. Very unusual at this season. Our train is not responsible for this heat. The Conductor, who was asked to care for the returning Colmans, by the Road Officer in Seattle, has done his duty generously, saying, with a smile, "I'll lose my head if I don't." As we move on across the Mississippi River at La Crosse - there is a drop in temperature.

We arrive duly in our own dear home, October 12th, Friday 7 A.M. 1928.

"1929"

This memory picture shows something I had never seen before and can never forget - Ninety four lighted candles, surrounding a beautiful cake - And I am the guest of honor. Where are the years that these lights suggest? And my very own dear ones are the artists who made this picture. And here is a shower of congratulations from distant loved ones, delivered by mail or wire. Oh, it is fine to grow old - To look down from so high a decade that ones faults are not visible to those below. Some one has written disparagingly of "Anniversaries." "They disqualify one for business so often." This is absurd. How could we make memory pictures without them? I would not have this one of May 20th, 1929.

This picture seems to ask, "How many different homes have you had?" This is my answer. Only one, aside from my childhood home. A picture on the wall may be the same picture even if the location is often changed - Not the moving but the losing makes a change. That house in Green Bay, in which our home was first located in September 1860, has been the home of many a family since then and is doubtless still occupied by some home-maker.

Our home - like a picture that has been touched and retouched and beautified for nearly seventy years and added cheer to sixteen differently located houses - is still our home - dear to us who still remain to enjoy it. 2698 No. Summit Avenue - means home to us - with many dear associations.

This picture shows one of my spasms of rhyming. Fortunately they do not last very long.

The story of a hundred years,
Its ten decades - is quickly told.
The venturing step, the frequent tears,
When little hand may lose its hold.

The decade two is fond of sports.
What shall we do? Where may we go?
Work with fun, In our reports,
Ambitions to stand, not very low.

The third decade has an air more sure.
A path is chosen, a comrade too.
A building thought, that must endure,
A purpose strong, that one must cling to.

The fourth decade still louder speaks.
Behold the onward move!
A leadership this age bespeaks,
Our opportunity improve.

Decade five says, "Westward Ho."
If covered wagons led the way,
Now speed in air, More sure below,
While East moves West intent to stay.

The sixth decade aloud proclaims,
The best of life is yet to be.
The highest aim we may attain,
In confidence of what may be.

The seventh decade shows doubtful mind.
A feeble step, A shade of grey,
A clinging fast to the things behind,
More sensitive to what "They Say."

In eighth decade so fixed are we,
In class to which we now belong,
We hopefully wait for the decades to be,
Life now is only the opening song.

The ninth decade came once to me.
With wishes best it "might come twice.
More happy than the first could be."
A wish worth more than one's advice.

This tenth decade completes the story.
Of many a hundred years.
Grandmother Brown's fine history,
In one brief hundred years appears.

/ Lucinda Darling Colman '57.

This memory picture is in anticipation of "Mother's Day."

My son and his wife and daughter visit me in Milwaukee - Motoring from their home in Rockford, Illinois. The flowers they bring tell a beautiful story. This picture is now one of dear memories that will be often recalled.

Early rising, next morning these guests motor home, only one hundred miles distant, before breakfast. Automobiles keep up with our thinking, sometimes get a little ahead.

This picture shows Easter Sunday, 1930, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A sunrise service of worship, on a bank of Lake Michigan. The sun just peeps out from behind a dark cloud, approvingly, then disappears for the remainder of the day. The crowds of people are not lessened by the rain or threatening clouds.

Spring is emphasized by the abundance of floral decorations in the church. The happiest church day of the Year - People everywhere worshipping the living Christ, who said, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

This picture shows us listening in - The radio, by my side - is picking up wonderful things on the air - Lovely Music, College Lectures - Literature - History - Ancient and Modern. I wonder if some time in the great future - the very words - spoken by Adam and Eve - may not be caught - floating around in space - by the radio and broadcast to us who are listening in!

This picture shows that Spring of 1930 is here!

Winter wrapped us in a white blanket just before it departed - Warm sunshine soon laid this aside and gave us green grass and budding flowers.

The census taker gives me a call - Wishes she "might be sure of as many years as I record." Wonderful they have been - Would that I had always used them to the best of my ability.

This picture shows the celebrating of my Ninety Fifth Birthday.

In an early morning hour, May 20th, 1930, my daughter arrives from Seattle - her home City. Later in the day Howard and Bertha and their Ruth - Mr. and Mrs. Beach Maguire - Mrs. Harry Severson - all arrive from Rockford, Illinois, and Ralph Colman with his wife, Grace, from Fond du Lac. All are my birthday dinner guests. We surround the board which was so beautifully provided with something to satisfy the taste of eyes and mouth. I cut the decorated cake. A sweet reminder of my age enjoyed by my guests. Portions that still remained were enjoyed by the occupants of our Old Ladies Home.

OLDEST GRADUATE OF LAWRENCE DIES.

Mrs. Lucinda Colman
succumbs to injuries
received in fall.

The last surviving member of the class of 1857 at Lawrence college, Mrs. Lucinda Colman, 95, widow of the Rev. Henry Colman, died at her home in Milwaukee Sunday evening of injuries received four days ago in a fall. Dr. H. M. Wriston, president of Lawrence college, and other faculty members will attend the funeral service at Kenwood Methodist church in Milwaukee Wednesday. In the spring the body will be sent to Appleton for burial.

/
In commenting upon the death of the aged alumna, Dr. Wriston said Monday morning:

"In the death of Mrs. Colman, the last of the graduates of the original class, the active tie between the Lawrence of today and the founders of the college is broken. Mrs. Colman has been not only our last living graduate and sole survivor of the first graduating class. She has been the embodiment of all that the college stood for then and of all it stands for now--a keen mind, well stored with knowledge, active and optimistic and idealistic in its outlook upon the changing world; a cultivated taste, quick and wise in its appreciation of beauty in every form; a spiritual earnestness growing out of a profound religious

faith, and a daily life dominated by Christian principles.

"Even in these last years, she has retained the liveliness, the charm, the keenness of wit which made her a favorite three quarters of a century ago.

"No other can ever rise to take her place. But the memory of Lucinda Darling Colman will always be one of the rare treasures of Lawrence college."

Addressed Students.

Last year, at the age of 94, Mrs. Colman addressed the Lawrence student body at a student convocation. The 1930 Ariel, published two years ago, was dedicated to her.

Lucinda S. Darling was born May 20, 1835 in Clarkson, New York, the daughter of Abner Darling and Nancy Green Darling, a daughter of the revolution. In 1840 her parents moved to Racine, and in 1850 Lucinda matriculated at Lawrence. She was graduated with the class of 1857, and received her M. A. degree at Lawrence in 1865, the first M. A. degree given by Lawrence to a woman.

She taught in the public schools at Madison and Sheboygan and from 1863 to 1867 was preceptress and instructor in Latin at Evansville seminary. She was the second Wisconsin Conference Secretary of the Women's Foreign Missionary society, serving seven years. For years in the eighties and nineties she was

president of the Milwaukee Women's Christian Temperance Union and vice president of the Milwaukee Deaconess board of managers. While in Beloit she organized and led a number of Mothers' meetings, which resulted in the introduction of kindergartens in city public schools.

She was married on Sept. 20, 1860, to a classmate, the Rev. Henry Colman, who died three years ago.

Survivors are two daughters, Mrs. Henry W. Pennock, Seattle, Wash., and Miss Laura, Milwaukee; and one son, Howard D., Rockford, Ill.